JUDGE

PRICE 15 CENTS

AUG 2 1936

ANDREW JACKSON, risking his political future at the famous States' Rights banquet in 1830. Here Jackson gave dramatic evidence of his CHARACTER. Rising to a toast, he proposed the historic words—"Our Federal Union—it must be preserved!" Through this display of character, his LEADERSHIP was even more deeply established.

Character
marks the leader

Just as the character of Andrew Jackson stamped him as a leader—so you will recognize in Seagram's "V. O." the *character* of Leadership. Seagram's "V. O." has been the largest-selling whiskey in America over 4 years old ever since the early days of Repeal. Distinguished in taste and bouquet, truly noble in quality, Seagram's "V. O." is made with all the skill and care for which the House of Seagram has been famous since 1857. Every mellow drop 6 years old.

Seagram's "V.O."

Other Seagram "Whiskies of Character"

SEAGRAM'S "ANCIENT BOTTLE" STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY, *5 years old—100 Proof*
SEAGRAM'S PEDIGREE STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, *8 years old—100 Proof*
SEAGRAM'S STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, *5 years old—100 Proof*
SEAGRAM'S PEDIGREE STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY, *8 years old—100 Proof*
SEAGRAM'S "83"—CANADIAN WHISKY, *5 years old—90 Proof*

Say Seagram's and be Sure

EVERY DROP
Six Years Old

Seagram-Distillers Corporation—Executive Offices: New York

Judging the Books

IN a ghosted autobiography, "Father Struck It Rich," as is the prevalent custom among the ex-rich, Evalyn Walsh McLean lets down her hair and weeps copiously over her misspent youth and fortune. Her whole idea, she tells you, is to take herself apart and show you what makes her tick, and, after proving to you that "money doesn't bring everything," to offer her life as a horrible example.

Of course, since we never expect to come into a couple of trunks of treasury notes, we can only thank goofy Ev for the tip and point out that hers is one of the dizziest, most fascinating anger provoking books we've read since practically the other day. Some might have kept a lot of Evalyn's confessions to themselves but that's a matter of taste. Ev decided to tell all and has.

The McLean was born with a gold mine in her mouth, her father an Irish immigrant named Tom Walsh, having given up carpentry for the more lucrative job of gold mining. So at a tender age Evalyn started pranking outlandishly. She got herself pinched in a roller coaster in Denver; she stopped trains with emergency cords; she giddied around Paris.

When Love came to her, she married Ned McLean, lush son of a sober Washington newspaper publisher. On their honeymoon they drank their way around Europe and Africa and even managed to find the hotspots of the Holy Land, spending the $200,000 their loving parents had given them to start life on.

Later when their rugged daddumses passed to the Eternal Goldfields, Ev and Ned proceeded to really sink their teeth into getting rid of their cash. They threw open their famous Washington hostels, kept open madhouse with baths of champagne for all, and got into government work. They became powers behind the throne of the sainted Harding, providing the cards, chips and drinks at the famous poker parties, at which VP Curtis usually cleaned up. If at this time Ned was asked few places because he drank anything that ran out of a bottle, at least he could always have a bang-up drinking bout in his own home. This was the top of Evalyn's career.

But there was more to follow. Always trying to do good for others, Evalyn let herself be swindled out of that Lindbergh money by the reprehensible Gaston Means. Later she was to go abroad and try to cheer up the Soviet peasant life by showing them the $154,000 Hope diamond which she owns, and which she managed to get out of hock for the occasion. On the side Evalyn went through hell, highwater, a dope habit, scandal.

In any case, now she's broke, almost 50. Ned's in the alcoholic house denying his own name. She's full of self-pity, eager for your forgiveness, so why not buy a few copies of her book and distribute them among your wealthy friends just to help poor Evalyn along? Yes, it all goes to prove there's money in confession and there's no moralizer like a reformed sinner, hallelujah Mr. Mellon!

SPEAKING of the didoes of the rich, Paul de Kruif in "Why Keep Them Alive?" speaks very angrily and editorially about the didoes of the poor. He wants to know very bluntly and very statistically why we spend so many millions hunting down microbes but don't spend a red nickel hunting down the causes of the one disease doctors cannot find a microbe for: Poverty. It's an important but, unfortunately, not a very happy book, and will thrill no one but those unhappy folk: reformers, justice-seekers. Too bad Mr. de Kruif couldn't be as heroic about such a tremendous subject as he was about his men without greed in "Microbe Hunters." But it's a subject you just can't be romantic about.

THIS earth with its war scares, its tangled money cares, its hell and highwater being pretty dull stuff, Edgar Rice Burroughs has to go all the way to Mars to find something really worthwhile worrying about. So "Sword of Mars" concerns itself with the adventures of John Carter, Prince of Helium and Warlord of Mars. For it seems Fal Sivas, who isn't at all in the good graces of Ur Jan of Zadanga, has invented an interplanet ship and a Magic Brain that not only thinks clearly but logically and there is hell to pay in the Wide Open Spaces. Besides, there are Ozara, Jeddara of the Tarids; Umka, the Cat Man of Ladan; Zanda, the snappy looking slave gal; and Dejah Thoris, Princess of Helium and a Helen Gahaghan or we'll eat her. O.K. Buck Rogers, take it away!

"I WAS a Soviet Worker" by Andrew Smith is a Hearst testimonial. Unmerry Andrew was an American communist-mechanic who went to Russia to pick caviar from the trees and draw vodka from the street pumps. Instead he drew small dough, heartaches, bellyaches and soon found himself longing for the little white house in Cleveland, covered with mortgages, and to hell with

(Page 29, please)

TO
SAN FRANCISCO
DIRECT SERVICE! Fly United's "Main Line" Mid-Continent Route via Cleveland, Chicago, Omaha, Salt Lake. Overnight and scenic daylight flights from many Eastern cities to San Francisco.

★

TO
LOS ANGELES
FAST OVERNIGHT AND DAYLIGHT FLIGHTS! See great Salt Lake and close-up of Boulder Dam. United offers you an optional routing—visit both Los Angeles and San Francisco for same fare.

★

TO
PORTLAND—SEATTLE
THROUGH-SERVICE FROM THE EAST! Overnight, scenic daylight flights. The popular pioneer route. Visit Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Vancouver, B. C.—all at no extra fare.

★

Ask about United's 6 time and money saving circle trips to Pacific Coast cities.

NEW YORK—CHICAGO SERVICE
United offers fast, frequent service over the shortest route between NEW YORK, Cleveland, CHICAGO. 9 flights in each direction daily.

For Tickets, Reservations—United Air Lines Ticket Offices, Travel Bureaus, Telegraph Offices

UNITED AIR LINES
FASTEST, SHORTEST FROM THE EAST TO MOST PACIFIC COAST CITIES

END OF THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

HE fell from the bar with the greatest of ease when the fumes from that gooey briar got him. Won't some usher please rush out for a pack of pipe cleaners and a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh's peaceful blend—and let the show go on? Sir Walter burns slower, cooler. The air stays cleaner, your tongue stays calmer, and its delightful aroma wins applause from any crowd. Sales go up and up as smoker after smoker finds Sir Walter Raleigh the answer to a pipe-lover's prayer for mildness and fragrance. Sold everywhere. Ever tried it?

SWITCH TO THE BRAND OF GRAND AROMA

UNION MADE

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. R-65

Fire! Fire!

By A. H. McCormack

WHEN I was a boy in Back Harbor I used to chase the fire engine, but not any more. Nowadays the fire is out before you get there, and all you see is a wisp of smoke and two boys with adenoids putting up the Fire Sale sign. Thirty years ago, where I was brought up, it was different. A fire *was* something. The tax-payers got their money's worth for all they put out to buy hose and shoe the fire horses and pay Fire Chief Adams $150 a year.

Not that fire fighting was over-emphasized in Back Harbor, mind you. The only thing we over-emphasized was hibernation, what with the harbor being frozen over from October to May and no trolleys or trains within twelve miles. All we had was the Island Belle, the steamer that ran every day to the nearest railroad town, and when she blew a gasket in the main boiler winter really *did* shut in. One year she kept running all winter, but only because Elbridge Stetson, the local contractor, blew a channel in the ice with dynamite every day so we could get the mail and the Boston papers. He blew himself up finally, but all Fred Stetson's boys had done that for thirty years, and I think Elbridge died happy, fulfilling the family traditions. No Stetson had ever lived to be over 45 since the Civil War, or had ever died of pneumonia, old age, or the Quincy—only by dynamite.

BUT I am off my subject. Each year, the big event in Back Harbor was the hose cart race on Fourth of July morning. And don't say the members of Luther B. Sutton Hose Cart Company No. 1 and George S. Dunlap Hose Cart Company No. 2 didn't train for the event. The night before the Fourth they gathered at the two fire houses early in the evening and started right in training. Training wasn't so easy in those days either, what with Maine being Prohibition and everything.

The race was on The Avenue, the only stretch of reasonably smooth road over ten feet long in the town. The two teams lined up opposite Jed Bailey's house, each straining at the leash of a hand-drawn hose reel on wheels. The hydrants, which were their objectives, were way down by Ezra Wilkins' store. At the gun they lit out for the hydrants lickety split, as the Washington County Weekly described it.

And don't think all this training didn't show up when we had a fire. They fought fires in those days in the same spirit and with the same organization they displayed on the Fourth. Our fire boys—all volunteers too—were in training, right in the pink, all year long.

The way it would go was something like this. A fire would break out about three o'clock some night and, after a while, the glare would wake up Alf Sherman, the Night Constable. Alf usually slept on the steps of the Methodist Church, because it had the noisiest bell in town—and the noisiest preacher, some said. And Alf knew just what to do when he saw the sky all red. He ran to Johnny McCobb's house on Oak Street and got the key to the Methodist Church—Johnny was sexton—and went right back and rang the bell. By the time the fire boys came running down Main Street, we kids were there to help them look for the fire.

Once it was located and the two hose cart companies were on the scene, you saw perfect organization. Company No. 1 took charge of the fire and Company No. 2 took charge of wetting down the spectators to save them from falling sparks. And no waste, mind you. This was the People's Money being spent. No. 1 Company kept the fire going until everybody got there, near and far. Phil Farmer, Axeman No. 1, went around right away and broke out all the cellar windows and Axeman No. 2—one of the Simmons twins, I think it was—cut a hole in the roof. Then they had a perfect draught going and by the time the folks had hitched up and driven down from Back Narrows she—every fire was a she, even if it was in the Old Men's Home—was burning briskly.

Finally, if they succeeded in saving the third house from the scene of the original fire—Elbridge Stetson sometimes saved it with dynamite but he was always blowing up the wrong house—the owner's wife came out and served doughnuts and coffee. That's where the real heroism of the fire boys came in: they ate those doughnuts, even if it was five o'clock in the morning.

THE fire that was put out quickest was in the summer of 1914. That was the summer it rained so hard in Maine. Everybody in Back Harbor thought it was caused by the cannonading in Europe having some effect on the clouds. I don't know whether that's so or not. But, anyway, the cold storage plant on Libby's Wharf, where the mackerel trawlers bought their bait,

(Page 29, please)

JUDGE, May, 1936. Volume 110. Whole No. 2690. Published monthly by Judge Magazine, Inc. Publication office, 404 North Wesley Ave., Mount Morris, Ill. Editorial and executive offices, 18 East 48th St., New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, July 26, 1933, at the Post Office at Mount Morris, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyrighted 1936 in the U. S. and Great Britain. Subscription rate, United States and Canada, $1.50 a year; foreign, $2.50; 15c a copy. Fred L. Rogan, President and Treasurer; Thomas P. Cheesborough, Jr., Vice President; Frank C. Fisher, Secretary; Sadie M. Nilan, Assistant Treasurer. Particular attention is called to the fact that every article and picture appearing in JUDGE is protected under the provisions of Section 3 of the Copyright Law of the U. S.

APR 28 1936
©CIB 298678

JACK SHUTTLEWORTH, *Editor* PARE LORENTZ TED SHANE STANLEY JONES, *Associate Editors*

NEW York is preparing legislation to end gin marriages in the state. Under the new order of things, no hangover will be permitted to last a lifetime.

THERE'S nothing quite so futile as war, says a radio speaker. Unless, of course, it's appealing to the League of Nations to stop one.

SALARIES must be up all along the line. At any rate, you don't hear of any more preachers going around the country daring rattlesnakes to bite them.

ON THE air it's an amateur hour, on the ocean it's a ship's concert, but on the land it's a federal theatre project.

A FELLOW we know was sympathizing with the people in the West who suffer from dust storms. He says he knows just how they feel—since his wife began her spring house cleaning.

ELEVATOR strikes are like the stock market. Everybody gets in on the ground floor only to discover nothing's going up.

THE President doesn't know what will be needed for relief this summer, but whatever it is, he ought to include a couple of headache tablets for himself.

YOU never see wooden Indians in front of cigar stores any more. They're all in department stores as complaint managers now.

AND the machine age will have achieved its object when the last of the workmen install escalators over the hill to the poorhouse.

"I had to do something. I ran short of milk last trip."

Presidential Timber

Joe T.
Robinson, he
Clomb up a tree
To see what he could see.

The hand of Esau:
That's what *he* saw
As he did a see-saw
Up in the tree.

Joe T.
Robinson, he
Chopped the limb
With might and vim;
With fiendish glee
He chopped the tree
Till suddenly he
Saw that the man on the
end of the limb
Was him.

THE weary and haggard grocery clerk had been kept busy so long by an importunate customer that eventually he demanded: "Madam, are you shopping here?"

"Certainly!" retorted the woman.

"Oh," went on the clerk. "I just thought you might be taking an inventory!"

Many communities are now holding clean-up weeks, although the ardor has been dampened somewhat by the one recently staged by the tax collector.

"All that I have ever owed, all that I owe now,
All that I hope to ever owe—I owe to you!"

"Should I wear my tails to the horse show, dear?"

No Fooling

THIS year, April Fool's Day found our planned-economy administration preparing new taxes, the Italians and Ethiopians celebrating victories over each other, and the rest of the world furiously building battleships under the terms of the last naval limitations conference.

A silver dollar removed from the stomach of a New York hat check girl has been put on exhibition. So much for the claim that everything those girls take in goes to the concessionaire.

He was boring the young lady to tears when in came her dog. "Ah," he exclaimed, "have you taught him any tricks since I was here last?"

"Yes," she said sweetly, "If you whistle he will bring your hat!"

The Age of Speed

IT WAS upon the Shanghai-Nanking railroad, between Feu Yan and Tsi Pshu, and there was a cow which loped along the track, unfrightened by the frantic signals from the whistle, and ever disdainful of the green verdure which lay without the twin rails.

A traveler from the Kiang-si province impatiently rang for the conductor.

"Conductor, is that cow still upon the track ahead of us?"

"Yes, gracious one who deigns to grace our unimportant railroad with his honorable presence. The devil-imbued cow is still there."

"How fast does the train progress at present?"

"Its usual rate of progression, most gracious one. About four miles in the hour."

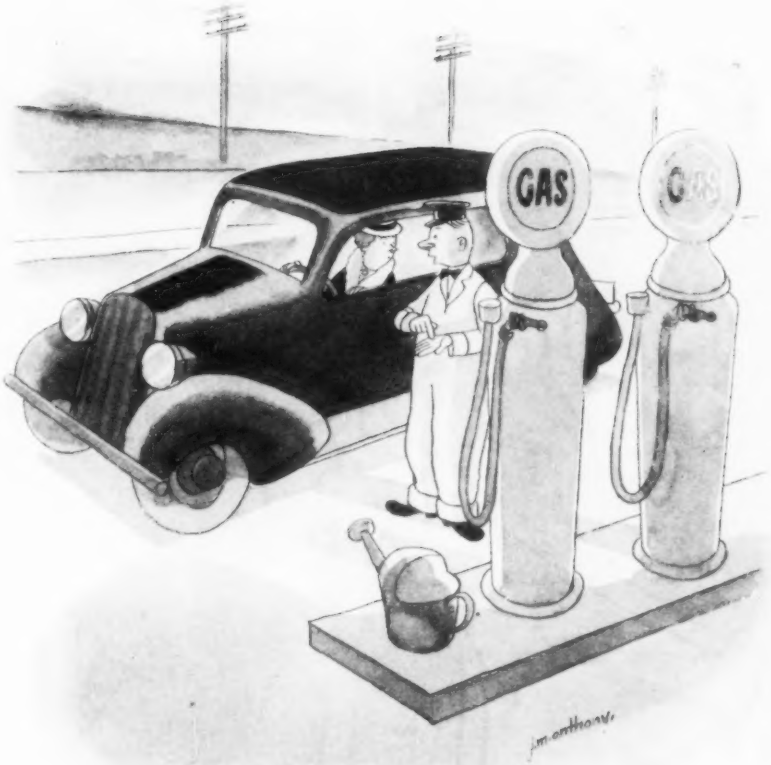
"And how fast, slave of a terrible railroad, moves the devil-imbued cow?"

"Most benign one, about five miles the hour."

"Here is a yuen. Take thou a few yards of rope up to the engineer and tell him to affix the train to the cow!"

In the Barrel

This spring the taxpayers are gazing with something akin to fellow-feeling on the bock beer signs with their soft-eyed goats.



"No, lady, we sell the gasoline and give away the road maps!"

"Don't bother pappy now—The teacher said if he flunked again she'd send him back to the 2A."

One More Spring

STUDENTS yawn in classes;
Boys and girls make passes;
Sulphur and molasses
Gags the youthful throat;
Out with ploughs and harrows!
Cupid's silver arrows
Drench the earth, and sparrows
Cheep their febrile note.

Smell of dead grass burning;
Smell of Spring returning;
Ah, that languorous yearning!
Ah, that slothful doze!
From the lark ascends a
Flageolet cadenza,
And the influenza
Settles in our nose.

Comes the window-screening:
Comes the big Spring cleaning
Suddenly intervening
In our vernal cheer;
Floors are scoured and polished,
Spiderwebs demolished,
Peace and calm abolished—
One more Spring is here.

—N. R. J.

CHAMPIONS OF CHAOS

The Hearst cartoonist who made a drawing without showing the New Deal throwing away the taxpayers' money.

Let's All Be Amateurs

I SEE that that ubiquitous gong-bonger, Major Bowes, has a magazine for amateurs now. The amateurs are presented on the stage and on the screen. But why shouldn't the idea be carried out further? Why not a Major Bowes' Amateur Real Estate Co. or a Major Bowes' Amateur Restaurant? All the available talent is not limited to the entertainment world. Why not utilize it? Every line should have its Major Bowes. Let's throw professionalism completely into the discard. The bricklayer, plasterer and plumber of the future will work for Art's sake and spurn professionalism in the Utopian future when Amateurism rules supreme.

How about an amateur hour impresario? That's an idea. Why pick on a musical saw or a washboard? Why learn to play a zither? Why take the trouble to play everything at the same time and become a one-man band?

Personally, I was never musical. I never could play a legitimate instrument, let alone a fancy one. But now I'm practicing. I'm learning how to play a musical instrument.

No, I have no thought of becoming an amateur. I'll be too busy for that. I'm learning to play something that ought to make a pile of money for me.

I'm learning to play a gong.

—R. C. O'Brien.

"One of us musta made a mistake!"

"They went this way!"

It's a Free Country

IF YOU try to go through it too fast, you get a speed summons.

If you try to explore any of it, you're arrested for trespassing.

If you spend a few weeks in it, it costs a king's ransom.

And, man alive, if you own a chunk of it yourself, you're up to your neck in taxes the rest of your life!

Unemployment is slightly on the increase, and it appears Roosevelt is going to be the first President in history to be blamed for a nation's spring fever.

The night clubs of New York are experiencing a return of prosperity. It's all a part of the soak-the-rich idea.

Do You Know New York?

HOW well do you know your New York? Below are listed ten statements. Each has a definite association with a famous institution or building in or around New York. Score 10 for each correct identification. We think 20 is Good, 40 is Excellent, 60 Superb, 80 Phenomenal, and 100 Impossible. The answers are on page 30.

1. The first thing an immigrant sees.
2. Fish from all over the world under one roof.
3. The greatest ocean liners of the world land here.
4. Its products are precision tools and smooth-running machinery.
5. Drop in here and see the dog show.
6. Cross this and you find yourself in another state.
7. The lowest tip of Manhattan.
8. Where future generations first see the light of day.
9. Favorite spot for riding the merry-go-round.
10. Where citizens rant about overthrowing the government.

"Somebody swindled you, Emperor—These ain't tanks!"

"Benjamin Franklin was a great man. What would we do without electricity?"

Valse Triste

AM I low, am I blue,
Am I down in the mouth!
Do I crave to "go west"
As a bird to go south!

Let Shakespeare tell it
Shakespeare and me
Sound the stark, clear note of Tragedy.
Oh, low; oh, blue!
Ah, woe; ah, rue!

Whenever I feel the least mite spry,
Along life comes with a poke in the eye.
Whenever I feel that I gotta chance,
Along life comes with a kick in the pants.
There ain't no percentage; it's crooked dice!
The horses are doped, and the deck's on ice!

Am I in the doldrums,
Am I in the dumps
With spiritual ptomaine
And mental mumps!

O wotta world, and O wotta life!
Pass me the cyanide, pass me a knife!
Tired o' livin' and feared o' dyin',—
Old Man River, you heered me cryin'!
Old Man River and Shakespeare and me,
We got the galloping miserie!

—E. J.

Simile

Busy as a one-fingered clarinet player.

Collector's Items

"IT IS not for popping corn. People used these to warm their beds in the old days, and I'll bet I could go right out and get five times what I paid for it. The dealer practically said as much."

"The wife thinks I'm nuts to go for these hooked rugs. She says old bottles would be more appropriate for a guy of my habits."

"Why I took the vase instead of any of the other things I looked at, I don't know. My second mistake was in letting Egbert carry it home. He slipped crossing Main Street, and"—

"Even if you don't make any money out of antique furniture, you can always use the stuff to brace the door when the sheriff comes."

"My kids were collecting stamps until the New Deal came along. Then it got so I wasn't making enough money to keep them up to date with all the new issues the Post Office got out. Now I've got them interested in collecting the bills my customers owe me."

"The auction room wasn't very brightly lighted, and I was pretty far back, and before I knew it the thing was mine for sixty dollars. It's worth something, tho, don't you think?"

—DAVID MURRAY.

"Hello, Acme Employment Agency? Send over a new stenog and tell her to pick up a piece of beefsteak on the way over."

"My gosh! I'm up before the Supreme Court!"

Fuzzy Thinkers

TEN years ago they were getting messages on ouija boards.

Five years ago they were putting their faith in gin labels.

Last year they were taking Voyages to Nowhere.

But this year they're strike mediators.

Summer is getting to be the most dangerous season of all, what with the roads full of cars and busses and the air full of mosquitoes and student pilots.

People know exactly what to do till the doctor comes nowadays. They insist they were only going 20 miles an hour and had the right of way.

Nowadays when Greek meets Greek they start a comedy act on the radio.

And one poker player tells us the watched pot is always ante'd.

Mistress Pepys' Journal

By Baird Leonard

APRIL 1.—Awake too betimes, so lay reading "Gaudy Night" by Dorothy L. Sayers, a writer whom I did once consider highly as a mystery scribe, but who now has become almost too tiresome, forasmuch as the last book of hers which I read was full of time-table statistics, rough going for one with a deficient mathematical sense, and in this one the improbable plot is swamped in academic conversation, which has no place where murder is afoot. Moreover, she has committed the unpardonable sin of subordinating her engaging Lord Peter Wimsey to a female of uncertain attractions. Sliced oranges my breakfast fruit, and I do wish Katie could skin them as adroitly as the chef at Doctors' Hospital. Then the post, and I did laugh to glimpse a note from Amy Ashforth with naught but my name and street address underlined on the envelope, for Amy does consider it the height of vulgarity to put "New York City" on local mail, but even at that she pleases me more than affected persons who write "Manhattan." Greatly depressed by the avalanche of bills, and I do wish that I could achieve the attitude of the woman once represented by Mistress Fiske in a play who never paid any attention to tradesmen's statements unless they were printed in red ink. A morning call from Cora Scovil, who was chosen as one of the twenty-four leading "career" women for 1936, and she did tell me how, when she went to speak over the radio with them, her taffeta petticoat did rustle as she walked across the studio, causing the director to enquire what the noise was, and when she told him, he bade her doff the offending garment straightway, lest it be heard all over the United States and Canada, so there was naught for her to do but to step out of it before the eyes of an hilarious gallery. Hard at my scrivening all the afternoon and evening, pausing only for a tray supper of cold meats, pickled peaches, and salad with Russian dressing, and so very weary to bed, praying that I should not hear voices outside my fourteenth story window in quotable, same dialogue, a frequent hallucination which Samuel advises me not to advertise too widely, lest an unkind interpretation be put on some of my more unaccountable actions.

"Tell the organist to jazz it up—we have to make a train."

APRIL 2.—Lay late, pondering this and that, such as why police matrons are always fat, and what made Keats put pepper on his tongue before drinking iced champagne, and then, suddenly minded that our cellar is low, to the telephone to place an order with our wine merchant against dinner tonight, and if Bob Banning so much as utters one syllable about vintage, bouquet, etc., I shall crown him with one of the candlesticks, forasmuch as Bob was born and reared in South Bend, Indiana, and never tasted anything better than beer and dandelion wine until after he was thirty years old. Lord! These *nouveaux connoisseurs* in *anything* are more tiresome than religious fanatics or political partisans. Somewhat alarmed by a faint rumor in the journals that the building employees strike may not be completely settled, for if our boys are called out again I shall be tempted to leap from the window, having suffered to the utmost under the brigands that were strikebreakers. Never shall I forget the joy with which I beheld our Al at his post after two weeks' absence, for I was sure that St. Peter himself would not look any better to me, after having endured an indifferent doorman with a broken nose and a cauliflower ear. To luncheon at the Waldorf with the Bonfoeys, my cronies from Quincy, Ill., and was astonished to learn that Dutch had suffered a fracture of eight ribs when his Bellanca was forced down at Hagerstown, but Tivvie, his wife, did tell me that my astonishment by no means matched her own when the taxi driver who took her to the local hospital cheerfully informed her that the guy who had smashed in the big plane was dead. All the afternoon devoted to dinner details to an extent which might have indicated that Emily Post was to be amongst the guests. And even at that I did finally weaken and order the hot canapes from the club. At last to the chaise-longue for a short breather, and then up and did on my claret chiffon, piously conscious that I had invited during Samuel's absence people whom he does not enthuse over, and I did give them turtle soup, lobster Newburg, guinea hen casserole, fried hominy, alligator pear salad with Camembert, and vanilla ice cream with a sauce of brandied strawberries to which everybody was holpen twice. And afterwards, albeit I did act the perfect hostess to the letter, it seemed as if they would *never* go home, in especial Bill Brace, whom I did ask at the last moment, when Neville Barnes defaulted, to avoid having thirteen at table.

"George Hecker, get right out of there."

Permanent Jobs

FOREIGN War Correspondent.
Special Investigator of Rackets.
Relief Expert.
Congressman.
Tax Collector.

Progress is hitting our town. At church the other Sunday somebody dropped a zipper in the collection plate.

Anyhow, this business of spending ourselves out of the depression should afford us a never-ending topic of conversation in our waning years on the poorhouse porch.

Then there's the night club that has a midget fan dancer for the benefit of patrons under the tables.

People say Roosevelt hasn't done anything, but they should know that when a bank closes for a holiday these days that it opens up again the next morning.

I Won't Buy Your Violets!

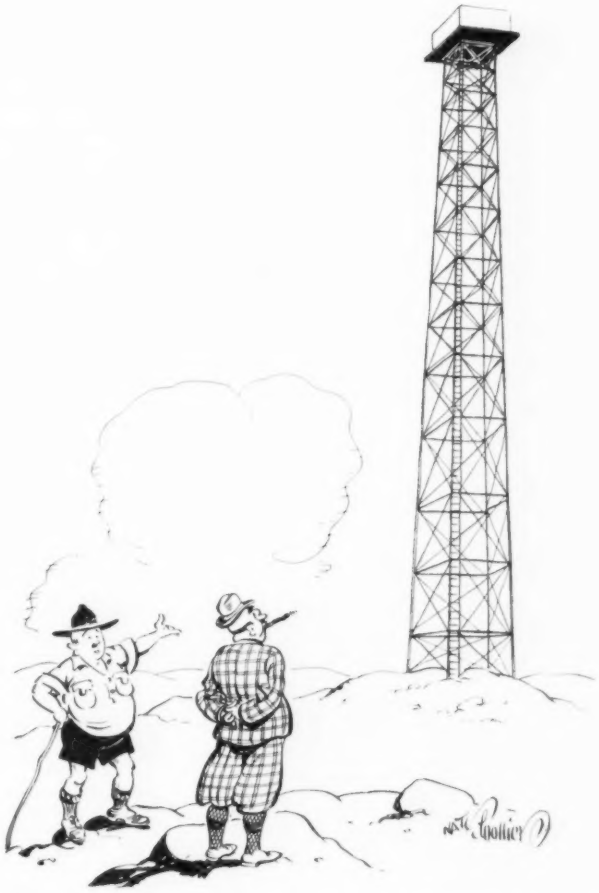
NOW Spring comes traipsing down the hill,
And every step's a daffodil,
And every breath's a violet,
A sprig of thyme or mignonette.
Bob-tailed sonnets are blithely penned;
Your pet stock votes you a dividend;
Young men blossom in yellow cravats,
And robins lay eggs in high silk hats.
In twisted oak-trees, bleak and brown,
The sap runs madly up and down,
As in this somewhat aged heart
Is thrust the immemorial dart.

O Spring, there must be some mistake—
Allay this adolescent ache!
Traipse, as per schedule, down the hill;
Wreak, if you must, your wicked will
On butterfly and buttercup
But, when it comes to me, let up!
Call off your dogs, those hounds of spring;
Somebody else can have my fling!
This is the same old stock routine
You pulled when I was sweet sixteen!
So act your age. I knew you when,
I won't stand on my ear again!

Really, it isn't seemly now—
A garland on this care-worn brow!
While as for strolls in pathways shady,—
I'm grown up, and I'm a lady!

Spring, Spring, go away:
Ethel doesn't want to play!
Stick to your birdies and your bees
And leave me to my knitting, please!

—ETHEL JACOBSON.



"That's the lookout tower the government has put up for the forest it is thinking of planting here."

"Be a pal, Bill, and let us have a look too."

Tit for Tat

"BEFORE we start, Clarence, I'm warning you that this is the last time I'll go out with you if you don't drive more carefully today."

"For gosh sakes, Eleanor, is that a threat or a promise? Every time you expect me to do a good job while you do everything you can to take my mind off of it. I can drive all right if you'll keep quiet."

"I suppose you want me to sit here and fold my hands while you almost kill someone like you did yesterday. Can I help it if I screamed? You didn't miss that woman over a foot. You never see me get in such a rush that I don't give people a chance to get out of the way. You are entirely too careless to suit me."

"Maybe you would like to get up here and show me how to do it."

"Now, Clarence, don't be ridiculous. You know well enough that I just learned this year. You are trying to be sarcastic, that's all. I'd be ashamed of myself if I'd been driving as long as you have and let a little talk bother me."

"Oh yeah? Well, I'm about fed up on your chatter. You can just get up here and we'll see what you can do."

"All right, Smartie, I will. Move over and watch me. First, I'll look all around to see if anyone is in the way, like this. . . . Then I start real slow, like this. . . . Then I ——— Clarence, did you hear what that man over there said? The very idea, yelling at us like that. Are you going to stand there and let him get away with it? You march right over and tell him that we have just as much right on this golf course as he has!"

Definition

A WOMAN is a person who can hurry through a drugstore aisle 18 inches wide without brushing against the piled-up tinware and then drive home and knock the doors off a 12-foot garage.

Walter Johnson received the plaudits of the nation when he threw a dollar across the Rappahannock. However, little applause has been heard for the taxpayer who throws his all the way to Washington.

Anyhow, it's a lot better to sell our scrap iron to Japan for war materials than to sell it to the home trade under the name of used cars.

"Just tell your wife not to worry about her slight deafness and that it's merely an indication of advancing age."

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting long, dear."

But Not on Earth

(An organization is advocating that the word "Peace" should take the place of "Hello" as a telephone salutation).

"PEACE?"

"Peace, is that you, Bill?"

"Peace, who?"

"Is this Bill?"

"What number are you calling?"

"Madagascar 4783."

"This is Madagascar 4873."

"I'm sorry . . . Operator . . . Peace!"

"Number ple-uz?"

"Peace, I want . . . peace, operator, are you there? *Peace! Operator!*"

"One minute ple-uz . . . There you are, go ahead."

"Peace, is that you, Bill?"

"No, this is the Utopian Funeral Parlors."

"Peace! *Peace!* Operator!"

"Number ple-uz?"

"Peace, operator, that's twice you've given me the wrong number. I want Madagascar 47 . . . I want . . . peace, operator, are you there? Peace! Operator! *Peace*, operator, please don't cut me off until I've given the num . . . peace, are you listening? . . . I want Madagascar 4783 . . . Yes, that's right . . . Peace? Is this Bill . . . What? I'm sorry . . . *Peace! Operator! Operator, Peace!* -x!!-x-x!! *Peace!* Well of all the blankety-blank *-!!-x!! *Peace! Peace! Peace!*"

The Optimists Are Always With Us

"NOW the idea, of course, is to keep this third wine glass balancing on the top while I'm filling it."

"I've got it all figured out, dear. We can meet the second payment when your brother pays me back that fifty he borrowed."

"You can bet your bottom dollar this curve we're coming to would be too much for an ordinary car going at this speed."

"I don't mind lending you this rental library book, just so long as you get it back to me by the end of the week."

"Let's just stay home and have a perfect evening listening to the radio."

"If it's raining when we leave we'll just grab the first taxi that comes along."

"You'll have to take pot-luck, old man, but the wife will be tickled pink to see you."

"What! No women?"

Judge's Camera Contest

NOTICING a recent falling off in enrollment of WPA workers the Administration, as shown above, was forced to inaugurate an extensive advertising campaign in order to keep expenses up to normal.

THE above shot of Hymie Flog was taken just after his acquittal on a robbery charge. It developed that, although police had convinced him of his guilt, their oratory had been so eloquent that his alleged victim was unable to identify him.

TAKEN on the embankment in London, this night photograph shows the sorry state that has befallen an enterprising young American business man who had had the idea that the Britons would go for really good coffee if only given an opportunity to try it.

A NEWS-PHOTO of the excitement that recently took place after an astute play producer had sent private notices to all the drama critics that his show was opening at the Alba, quietly locked them in, and then opened at a theatre in the next block.

Proverbs From the Daily Press

FARLEY Tibbett, Farley to rise, McAdoo healthy, wealthy and Weiss.

What goes up must come Dionne.

Don't Cantor chickens Balfour they're hatched.

Make Hays Reilly sun shines.

A Bernie child dreads De Falla.

Tagore the Penners and the dollars will Tagore themselves.

Haste Marx waste.

Give him a Winchell take a mile.

Lenin Doherty lead trumps.

Louis blind.

B. Rose by any other name would Schmelling sweet.

Love LaFollete locksmiths.

A Rolland Stone Geddes no Moses.

A Benny saved is a Benny earned.

Watched pots never Berle.

Wallace not Goldwyn glitters.

Marry in haste Wilentz at leisure.

The love O'Mahoney Elihu Root of all evil.

Don't Chrysler Borah Hearst.

"The waiters are just quieting some fellow who made a disturbance."

"He's down—he's up—he's down—he's——"

New Member

"WELL, Harry, you old tightwad, so you've joined the club at last, eh? Oh, boy, wait'll you start paying the dues it takes to run this joint!"

"Harry Smith, or I'm a Chinaman! Hey, fellows, the hermit has come out of his shell. Come on and meet McTavish, Harry. I want to see his face when you show him your version of swinging a golf club!"

"Feel as though I've known you for years, Smith. Say, if you don't mind I wish you'd cash a little check for me."

"Here's the new member I was telling you about, girls. Gather around, everybody, and meet handsome Harry."

"Your junk is in the wrong locker, old man. I wouldn't say a word but I've had that particular locker for eleven years and—."

"The boys tell me you're a lawyer, Smith. Now here's a little question that you may be able to give me a bit of advice about . . ."

"It's Mr. Smith, isn't it? The board has asked me to inform you that you've been voted a place on the dance committee. You'll have charge of the printing and distribution of tickets, the programs, the parking concession, and the caterers."

Please Omit Flowers!

Junior attends Annual Flower Show with 27,000 women who are ca-razy for clematis, nuts for nasturtiums, and frantic for freesia.

FOR fifty-one weeks in a year, the neighborhood around Park & 46th is peaceful, orderly, and masculine.

Around the first of April all is changed. The Flower Show moves into the Grand Central Palace—and the gents are chivvied about like flies in an electric fan. Streets are choked with opulent cars and snarling chauffeurs. Traffic cops go insane by platoons.

Impelled by spring warmth and a nostalgic memory for a pot of ivy which we tended for two weeks back in 1927, Junior decided that he'd be a better man for a contemplative hour among the larkspur. It cost $1.10 (the 10c covers the new Flower-Smelling Tax, we learned), but we figured it would be cheaper than taking a train to where flowers were growing.

As we stood in the corridor, confused by the babble of women's voices, a roughlooking young man with a club sauntered up. It seems there had been an elevator strike, or something.

"Where you going, buddy?" he demanded.

"Why—we thought we'd take a look at the flowers. Who are you?"

"I'm a fink," he said, twirling his club importantly.

"What's a fink?" we asked. "A new kind of flower?"

"A fink," he said, "is a guy who works when the unions pull out."

"Oh. We thought they were called sc—"

" 'Finks'," he said, waving the end of his club under our nose. " 'F-i-n-k-s'—see? And if you wanna enjoy the flowers, instead of havin' them enjoy *you*, you'll remember the word, get me?"

"Of course," we said timidly, "Of course. Won't you—ah, join us?"

"Why not?" said Mr. Fink. "I ain't seen any real flowers since we filled ten Packards wit' roses for Buggsy Zach's funeral."

We jammed in. "These dames," Mr. Fink observed, "certainly give you an awful pushin'-around. What's that funny smell?" "Hyacinths," we said. "That's right," said Mr. Fink, with a reminiscent sniff. "I remember now, we sent a ton of them to Dutch Vischer's widow, after Dutch talked out of turn."

THE crush was terrific. Elderly ladies lost hats, handbags, chauffeurs. They fainted in windows. Three of them were pushed into a bed of something called "Ranunculus," hard by the "Imantophyllum" display. Mr. Fink went down before the charge of the Syosset Garden Club shock troops, hell-bent for a close-up of Mr. Hendon Chubb's "Cinehoraria." He came up without his hat and pretty sore.

By dint of brutality, we trampled our way over groups whose waving battle flags pro-

HIGH

Junior's Awards

JUNIOR believes that the day of the sporting gesture, the super-service, the outstanding act, is not yet done. He believes, moreover, in suitable recognition. So he is making a monthly award of that emblem of probity and goodfellowship—a High Hat. A Dobbs, no less.

Junior's other monthly award takes the appropriate form of a Flannel Night Cap. It will go to that He or She who speaks or acts most out of turn. Judge Jr. welcomes nominations for both awards in the form of authentic clippings from the press. Let's hear!

The Judge Jr.
High Hat Award No. 5

To: John and Mack Rust, Memphis, Tennessee.

Citation: In refusing to throw their mechanical cotton picker on the market, which would have put thousands out of employment, they passed up a chance to make millions for themselves.

The Brothers Rust are a new breed of men in American industrial life.

"Thrown on the market like past inventions," said John, "it would pitch 75% of the sharecropper labor out of work. So we will only allow it to be used under specific conditions. These are: every lessee must maintain a definite living wage and maximum hours for his help, abolish child labor, and recognize the right of collective bargaining. Break these terms, and we break his lease."

Mack said, "All we want is a modest security. As compensation, we will accept an income that will not exceed ten times the salary of the lowest full-time paid employee of the corporation."

Judge Jr. takes off his hat in sincere humility, Brothers Rust. You're ahead of your time, maybe, but you've got what we need! We'd like to award you a dozen Dobbs High Hats, but *one* will give you the idea!

HAT

The Judge Jr.
Flannel Night Cap Award No. 5

To: James E. Van Zandt, National Commander, Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Citation: For his enlightening comments on a new and rival organization—the "Veterans of Future Wars."

Princeton boys formed the "Veterans of Future Wars" with what strikes us as a very sound idea. Its initial object is the payment now of a $1,000 bonus to the men who will engage in the next war. Its arguments seem unanswerable:

1. More dough in circulation, thus at least doubling the stimulus to trade claimed for prepayment of bonus to World Warriors. 2. Educate the young in spending against the day when, as pensioners under Doc Townsend, they must spend it on schedule. 3. Permit enjoyment of the government's cash while still young—before being killed in battle or suffering lifelong injuries from ennui in training camps.

It is our notion that the whole thing is a lot of fun, and that the good Commander is nothing more than self-conscious in calling the boys "yellow," and a "bunch of monkeys." After all, they are simply improving on the sterling example set them by his own organization.

Meantime, Commander, step forward and receive your decoration, the O.D. Flannel Night Cap. And don't be so grim—you got yours, didn't you, hey Jack?

claimed them to be "The Fern Club of Tuxedo Park," "The Garden Grenadiers of Yonkers," and "The Peekskill Peony Pluckers." It seemed incredible that so gentle an aspect of Nature could inspire such a spirit of strife among the better halves of our better families. They came to see flowers, and by Jumping Cattish, they were going to see them!

We finally dropped, panting, on a mossy bank and nibbled one of Mr. Samuel Untermyer's prize orchids. "Am *I* a sucker!" said Mr. Fink. "I'd ruther bust six strikes than tackle them dames. Look at 'em knock over that one in the wheelchair!"

"They certainly love Nature," we said, rubbing a shin. Mr. Fink looked thoughtful.

"I got an idea," he said. "Whenever people go for anything like this, I get an idea. I got it during Prohibition. I got it on laundry. I got it on slot machines. And now—I feel one comin' on. Where do these dames buy their seeds?"

"Why—I don't know," I said, appalled by the proximity of genius. "From florists and dealers, I suppose. Why?"

"Retailers, hey?" said Mr. Fink, picking a calla lily. "And those guys buy 'em from the Big Shots higher up, hey? It's the same in any line. Only," he shook his head, "I'd hate to have the boys know that I was muscling in on the tulip trade!"

He arose, a new light in his eye. He surveyed the mad scramble with appreciation, then turned to me. "How'd you like to front for me, buddy? You know—call around on these dames at their country places and find out who they're buying from?"

"Suppose they're satisfied with their present connections?"

Mr. Fink laughed. "Nobody," he said, "is ever satisfied. You can take a coupla pineapples along in your pocket, and if they don't like our line—just give the garden the works on the way out. It's a cinch. Same in any business."

We looked out at the set faces, the glinting eyes, the granite determination of those ladies. One fell at our feet, with a black eye and scratched face.

"No thanks, Mr. Fink," we said. "It's too tough."

He rubbed his chin, touched the rising lump on his head. "Maybe you're right," he said. "You'll last longer on strikebreaking, at that."

The Line-up

THE other morning, as guest of a Deputy Commissioner, Junior attended a morning matinee at Police Headquarters way down south on Center St. We sat on the right side of the footlights—with some three or four hundred powerful gentlemen who wore gold detective badges on their lapels.

Just so you lads will know "how to do," as we Southerners say, when your turn on the rostrum comes, here's the procedure:

Picture a huge room, with a gallery running around the second story. At one end is a shallow stage about twenty feet long, with polished brass railings and steps at both ends. In the center is a mike. Brilliant lights flood a trough the length of the stage, shining up. Ditto overhead, shining down. The back wall is white, with a height gauge directly behind the man at the mike.

As a result, you are exposed in a manner at present enjoyed only by Hollywood's most delectable bits of feminine pastry. So don't forget to shave twice over on that morning, and wash behind your ears.

Some ten feet in front—about where Guy Lombardo generally stands—is a raised pulpit, where sits an Inspector with a book and a deceptive ingratiating manner. He asks the questions. You supply such answers as your conscience and ingenuity suggest. But once you get up there, you're strictly on your own. You can't see a soul, on account of the lights.

This is probably just as well—for the boys out front aren't there just to get a laugh out of your funny answers. They're

(Page 26, please)

Maritime Menace

By Stanley Jones

OF ALL the sporting headaches I know, the motorboat zany ranks high in the first division. Strange, squint-eyed fellows—who hook your lapels and babble wildly of torque, camshaft, and propeller wash. Ranked No. 1 in the group is my friend McClement, a reasonable enough man in other respects.

McClement can no longer get me aboard, save by press gang methods. For I have endured horrid tortures in the past. I have broiled, becalmed, in the oily swells of Great South Bay—the prey of voracious, greenheaded flies. I have been soaked, into a hospital cot, by November's bitter spray. So I am through, but Mac never gives up. Only last week he burst into my office.

"Listen," he cried, "the treat of a lifetime! Have you ever been to a launching?"

"I've seen them in the movies," I said coldly. "Battleships."

"Ah, but not *actually?*" His voice trembled. "Don't tell me you've never had the thrill of seeing a noble hull dip down the ways, gathering speed, until she hits the water with a triumphant smother of foam?" I felt it was time to take steps.

"Now look here, Mac," I said. "I've seen them in the movies, and I get the idea."

He shook his head. "Oh, no, you don't. Tomorrow morning, you are going to see the *At Last* christened. My newest baby—a forty-footer, powered with two of the sweetest—"

"Spare me the details," I begged. He looked at me as though I had struck him—or his mother. Then thrust out his hard Scotch jaw and pulled his chair closer. I suddenly felt the futility of it all.

"Oh, all right," I snarled. "All right."

THE next morning dawned with a sour sozzle of rain against a lead sky. I was half way through my eggs when Mac's horn blew—again, and again. (That's another thing he does). Looking out, I saw his fiancee, Patricia, peering impatiently at my windows. I sighed, left my eggs, and got into the car. Mac was in high spirits.

"Wait 'til you see *this* baby, boy! A gem—a jewel-box! She'll leave everything else as flat as a lily pad. Have you got that champagne, Pat?"

"It's too soon after breakfast to drink," I objected peevishly.

"Don't be funny, Lew," said Pat, dabbing at her nose with a handkerchief. Pat is one of those girls who always seems to have a slight cold. "This is to break over the head of the *At Last*."

"The *bow!*" said Mac furiously. "My God, girl, how many times must I tell you that the—"

"Why not drink the champagne?" I said. "I think it's a criminal waste—it's things like that in this country that hearten the Communists."

Mac's neck swelled dangerously.

"Listen," he said. "Haven't you one iota of sentiment about you? Or romance? Or respect for the most beautiful thing that man has ever made—a boat?"

Pat whispered. "Humor him, Lew—you know he's not himself at a launching. And here's the yard. Oh, I do hope I shan't forget that poem he wrote!"

I STARED through the drizzle. At a sort of wooden skeleton with a trough of heavy timbers which sloped down into the waters of Moriches Bay, some carpenters were standing around a small red shack. In the trough was visible the bare upper deck of the *At Last*, its bunting clinging dispiritedly to its sides. Three other sea-going friends of Mac's were clambering about the ways, oilskins glistening as they shouted happily to one another. Down near the water, some small boys were skipping stones.

The foreman rolled up, touching his cap.

"All set, Jack?" cried Mac. "Has the music come yet?"

"All but the fife, sir," said the fellow. "He got cockeyed last night, and won't be around. But Fred has his cornet, and Dink Deane's got a drum, and Coleman's in the shack oiling his trombone."

"Great!" said Mac. "Here—buy yourself some cigars."

"Twenty bucks!" I moaned to Pat.

"Tour of Inspection!" yelled Mac. "All aboard! Jack, get the boys ready to clear the blocks. Get the music out. Come on!"

Groaning, I allowed myself to be piloted over the slippery framework, fearful that each step would be my last. Some roughlooking fellows in blue denims conferred together below us, then beckoned Jack. He engaged them in heated argument, then threw up his hands and called Mac aside. More bills passed, and Mac's neck reddened.

"No one will ever know how I loved that woman!"

The inspection completed, and all hands having accumulated a handsome smearing of pitch and splinters, Mac led us to the small rickety platform near the bow and yelled "O.K. Let'er go!"

An off-key tootling floated up from the efforts of the Messrs. Fred, Deane and Coleman—very rancid indeed. Pat, shoved forward by Mac, opened her mouth and began in her toneless Texas treble.

"Stout Ship, stand forth to Neptune's Kiss,
Through winds that blow, and waves that hiss,
A symbol of—a symbol of—oh, dear—oh, dear—"

"You bird-brain!" snapped Mac. "You've been learning it for weeks.

"Oh, dear," she whimpered, "I just *knew* I'd do it."

"Serves him right," I said. "It's fellows like him that make cannibals wear pants and go to Sunday School."

A SCENE of indescribable confusion ensued. Mac yelled orders which nobody heard. The launching crew belabored the chocks with sledges—the *At Last* trembled in her cradle. Jack bellowed and waved. Mac's fellow-

(Page 21, please)

LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS
I CLEANED UP IN THE SLOT MACHINE RACKET, BUT THOSE WALL STREET CROOKS! GOT IT AWAY FROM ME!
MAY WINE
AH, MADEMOISELLE, HAVE NOT WE MET SOMEWHERE?
I'VE GOT A POOR MEMORY FOR FACES!
STAR SPANGLED
SO YOU'RE SOLDIERS!
WELL, IF WE AIN'T WE'VE COME A LONG WAYS JUST TO SCRATCH OURSELVES!
MAY WINE
WE'VE GOT A KILLER'S CLUB — AN' GUESS WHAT, MOM, — I'M PRESIDENT!
STAR SPANGLED
JAMES TEMPLETON

JUDGE ON THE BENCH

Our Own Youth Movement

SOMEBODY is always talking about the need of a Youth Movement in this country, or even trying to launch one. But rarely do young people themselves have anything to do with it. We suspect that there is a be-whiskered Machiavelli behind every one of the Youth Movements which are rife in

Europe. In Germany for example, it's for the greater glory of the Nazis, whose only license to lead youth is that they themselves are still just bad boys whose development was arrested at the stage of bullying and playing with soldiers.

The only simon-pure Youth Movement we have ever heard of is the Veterans of Future Wars. Our hat is off to the Princeton students who thought up that one, with its demand for a bonus now in consideration of future military service and for free trips to the future graveyards of Europe for the girls who will be the Gold Star Mothers. We are all agog to know who will be chosen to become the Unknown Soldier of the next war. But even this usefully satirical Youth Movement has, we are told, been horned into by certain professors who want to share the fun. Papa always wants to play with Sonny's new electric train.

The hard thing for a Youth Movement, once it's started, is to stay youthful. People do get older, in body if not in brain. And since no movement really ever gets anywhere in less than thirty years, it's hard for any governing board to keep that schoolboy complexion. Furthermore, what we want at nineteen isn't the least like what we want at twenty. A graybeard of twenty-eight is no fit leader for a lad of twenty-seven.

Our ideas and aspirations change year by year, but not for the better or the worse; they just change. Who shall say that the infant's insistence upon sucking his thumb is any less worthy than Colonel Knox's yen to be nominated for the presidency? So, if we must have a Youth Movement, let's have a great big smashing Youth Movement with everybody in it—the first absolutely universal organization in all history. It must be done whole-heartedly; no exclusiveness, no black-balling. We wouldn't keep the Dionne quins out in order to let five radio commentators in on the ground that the former were more mature than the latter.

The constitution of the Universal Youth Movement is already written. It consists of one sentence: *Be your age.* Violation of this basic law will be punished severely. Any eighty-year old who plays thirty-six holes in less than ten over par will be flogged. Any child under seven who talks like Popeye the Sailor will be put on an exclusive diet of spinach. The woman of fifty who goes coquettish will be exposed in the public stocks in old-fashioned curl papers. Any undergraduate who mentions Pareto, Havelock Ellis or Lewis Carroll will be imprisoned for twenty years, at the end of which period he will be just about old enough for them. And anybody of any age who is ever heard to remark, "Well, that's life!" will be confined as insane, on the ground that nobody can ever be old enough to know what life is.

The positive virtues of the Universal Youth Movement may be more plainly disclosed in the following by-laws:

1. No individual from the day of birth onward, is to take any advice, instruction or back talk from his elders.
2. No individual is to tell his elders anything, even to save them from their own folly.
3. Every person is to associate exclusively with his exact contemporaries, and to be judged in all his acts solely by them.
4. Classification by age-groups is to be made of all books, journals, radio programs, etc. and rigid censorship applied to prevent anything from reaching any person's mind until the proper chronological moment.
5. Relative age is to be the only criterion, because it has been amply proved that no form of education can make a ten-year old anything but a ten-year old, or a man of forty anything but a man of forty.

Naturally this means the rapid disappearance of all schools and colleges, and the elimination of all lecturers, preachers, scout leaders and senators. Indeed, this is one of the most attractive features of the plan.

SERIOUSLY, though, we are tired of the regimentation of Youth for the stale purposes of a stupid and outmoded generation. We are sick of prophecies of war and the smug confidence that youth will answer gladly to the roll of drums. We are weary of old men in power and bored with middle-aged men striving for more power. We are equally bored with college boys who chatter against the social order and meanwhile toady to their elders for jobs; bored with young girls who are worldly wise and with junior matrons who solve the world's woes between a cocktail party and a dinner dance. We distrust every institution in which one generation imposes its will or its ideas upon another. And so, young men and young women all, if anybody comes around to get you to join any youth movement whatsoever, better find out whether it was started by the young, whether its power will be used to benefit the young, and finally what guaranty there is that it will stay young even as long as you do. We frankly doubt whether there will ever be a movement that can pass such a test.

ONE of the most distressing phenomena of our day is the apathy of youth. With more just cause for indignation than any generation of the modern era, with less hope of prosperity, or even of posterity, they still gratefully accept the crumbs that fall from the meagre board of their elders, and meekly let themselves be led by the noses along the road that took their fathers into chaos.

Maritime Menace

(Continued from page 18)

enthusiasts drank from pints—one of them slipped and fell ten feet into the marsh. The rain increased to a veritable cloudburst.

The last chocks crashed aside. A stir of life shook the *At Last's* keel—she began to slide.

"Christen her!" howled Mac, waving at Pat. "Quick, you fool!"

"Oh, dear," moaned Pat, with frantic, Zasu Pitts flutterings. Somehow, she dragged out the beribboned quart, and essayed a timid blow at the moving craft. She missed, but on the backswing managed to connect with the railing behind her. The bottle burst, drenching us all. Mac clutched his head and cursed. Pat bawled, the crew almost had hysterics. The *At Last* went streaking down the skids, practically unnoticed—it seemed to me—and hit the flat grey waters with a resounding "Plop."

"Hurray!" yelled the crew, waving their greasy caps.

Mac shook Patricia. "My God, can't you do *anything* right? That's bad luck—the worst sort of luck. Don't you know that?"

"You're no mental Joe Louis, yourself," I said. "Wasting a perfectly good quart of Pommery on a motorboat. What's more—"

"Hey, mister, look at your boat!" piped a small boy on the ways. We whirled, mouths open.

Before our very eyes, the *At Last* was settling. Slowly, comfortably—like a plump, tired woman relaxing in a bath tub. For a moment, a deathlike silence fell, unbroken save for the hissing of the rain. Then everybody began shouting.

"Get a boat!" screamed Mac. "Some damn fool has left the sea-cocks open!"

Despite frantic scurrying-about, the *At Last* continued to settle. Until, with a faint, sucking sigh of relief, her keel touched bottom and only her upper deck remained awash.

THE ride home was made in silence. Save for the audible snifflings of Patricia. Mac stared at the winding road with a scowling intensity. He had threatened horrible things to Jack, the foreman, and all of his derelict henchmen, if the *At Last* were not afloat and thoroughly cleaned within twenty-four hours. I had contributed some witty comments about the cabin equipment.

The blow had been a heavy one. Not until we approached his driveway did Mac pull himself together, with the sublime power of the fanatic to salvage *some* consolation from utter chaos.

"Well," he sighed, "I'll say this for the boat—she certainly has as slick a set of sea-cocks as I ever saw. She filled, right to the gunwales, in less'n five minutes. Did you notice?"

"Dentyne's a Double Attraction — Keeps Mouth Healthy — Tastes Delicious"

DENTYNE KEEPS TEETH WHITE. Our ancestors had good teeth because they ate foods that required plenty of chewing — gave teeth and gums healthful exercise. Our foods today are soft, over-refined—that's why many dentists advise chewing Dentyne. The specially firm, *chewy* consistency encourages the exercise needed for mouth health. It cleanses in a pleasant, *natural* way.

YOU'LL LIKE ITS SPICY FLAVOR! Its delicious taste alone makes a great many people Dentyne enthusiasts. It's fragrant—it's smooth—and the flavor is lasting. An excellent chewing gum in *every* way. Note the smart flat shape of the package—made to slip handily into pocket or purse — an original and exclusive Dentyne feature.

Keeps teeth white — mouth healthy

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

Speak

FRENCH

. . . in 3 months

. . . or German, Spanish, Italian, Russian or any of the 23 languages offered by Linguaphone Institute. Thousands of men and women are finding the Linguaphone Method the simplest, easiest, and quickest way to speak fluently and read understandingly.

150 Language Teachers

of the leading universities—Columbia, Oxford, Cambridge, The Sorbonne, Bonn, etc.—made Linguaphone courses. They are *your* teachers, always at your command, in your own home.

THE modern man and woman *must* speak another language, in order to *feel* and understand the thrilling pageant which the twentieth century is unfolding. . . . Sinclair Lewis, Emil Ludwig, H. G. Wells, Alexander Woollcott, and thousands of others have mastered another language by the Linguaphone Method . . . right at home.

YOU CAN ALSO—no special gift for languages is necessary. You learn as easily at 45 as at 12! Some of our best students are folks past 60 years, and children just over 6.

Send for FREE book

Get the complete story of this world-famous language method endorsed by 11,500 universities, colleges, seminaries, high schools and foremost educators.

Linguaphone Home-Study Courses

FRENCH	GERMAN	JAPANESE
ITALIAN	RUSSIAN	CZECH
SWEDISH	DUTCH	IRISH
POLISH	ENGLISH	ESPERANTO
LATIN	FINNISH	PERSIAN
CHINESE	SPANISH	HEBREW

Call for Free Demonstration at Our New Audition Salon

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE

59 Rockefeller Center
New York Tel.: CIrcle 7-0831

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
59 Rockefeller Center, New York City

Without cost or obligation please send me your Free Book J-5-36 and details of your "Pay as You Learn Plan."

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

I Wish to Speak .....

"I'll take this one—just bring me a nightshirt and send us both to 1919 Baird Avenue."

"This's the biggest I caught today."

Wit-Nits

By Peter Potter

Adrift

MR. CORTEZ started out upstream from his pier one morning in his row boat and, after rowing at a constant rate of speed for one mile, his hat blew overboard. After continuing upstream at the same rate of speed for 10 minutes more he decided to attempt to retrieve the hat. He immediately turned his boat about and proceeded down stream, rowing with the same vigor, and caught up with his hat at the point from which he had started. With this rather inadequate amount of information, can you discover the rate of flow of the stream?

Digit Crypt

By Miss Anne Johnston

THE following depicts a sum in long division. Letters have been substituted for the digits from 0 to 9, inclusive. Each letter always represents the same digit. When you have found the digits represented by each letter arrange the letters in numerical order and they will spell a word. Thirty minutes is good solving time for this crypt.

```
D R T)T R N T P E(H D F
      T H D N
      -------
        I E N P
        I I F F
        -------
          H A N E
          H A N E
```

On the Square

THE firm of Allen & Maurice found that it would be necessary for them to purchase certain supplies. On one particular item Mr. Allen thought that he could buy to greater advantage than Mr. Maurice. But not so Mr. Maurice. They, therefore, agreed that each should buy a portion of the supply. Each was to buy as many units as he paid cents per unit. After each had made his purchases it was found that Mr. Allen had spent $91.19 more than Mr. Maurice. What did each of the partners pay per unit?

Riches

THE Smiley children who seem to take more interest in their cash possessions than anything else were again comparing their worldly goods.

Emily had by now advanced far enough in arithmetic to know what a square number was. She informed Connie, who was younger, that the square of the difference between Connie's two coins was equal to the difference between her two coins. Of course, Connie thought Emily was daffy. They were all good American coins. Can you tell what they were?

A Grand Coup Plus

By Frederic Ley

MR. SIMPKINS felt a slight tinge of embarrassment after Mrs. Simpkins' futile effort to solve the bridge problem with which he had confronted her in February. He, therefore, set about to find another problem that would not be quite so difficult but which would be worthy of her skill, which he recognized but was loathe to admit. Mr. Simpkins applied to his favorite composer and was pleased to get the following contribution which he immediately presented to Mrs. Simpkins.

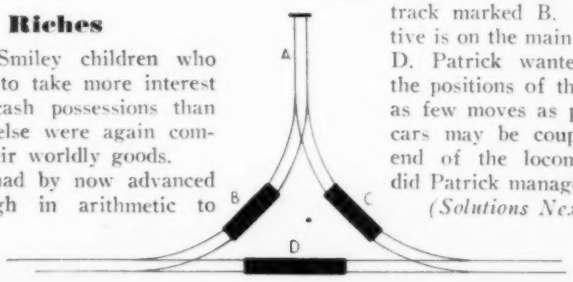
	♠ —— ♡ A Q 4 2 ♢ A 4 ♣ A K 2	
♠ —— ♡ J 10 9 8 ♢ 7 6 ♣ Q 8 3	N W E S	♠ J 6 5 ♡ 5 ♢ K J ♣ J 10 4
	♠ A Q 8 4 ♡ —— ♢ 5 3 ♣ 7 6 5	

It is South's lead, spades are trumps, and North and South must win all the remaining tricks against any and every defense.

A Couple of Couplings

PATRICK REILLY, in charge of the Bayside Freight Yards, was very efficient but his work was complicated by the limitations of the yard. The diagram below shows the facilities at his disposal. The switch marked A is just long enough to hold one car, but not long enough to hold the locomotive. There is a coal car on the track marked C and a box car on the track marked B. The locomotive is on the main track marked D. Patrick wanted to reverse the positions of the two cars in as few moves as possible. The cars may be coupled to either end of the locomotive. How did Patrick manage it?

(Solutions Next Month)



"You can reach me by Telephone"

You say it casually, but there is assurance in your voice. For you can depend on telephone service. You call a number and a voice answers—across the street or across a continent. . . . Obviously this did not just happen. It has been brought about by the development of the Bell System over the past half-century. Time has proved the rightness of its plan of operation. Quick, dependable, universal service makes it possible for you to talk to almost every one, everywhere, and to say confidently—"You can reach me by telephone."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Don't be a 1/2 shaver

There are *two* halves to every shave. The first is to get rid of the whiskers. The second is to care for your skin. So, don't be a *half-shaver*. Finish up this way:

1—To FEEL fine, use one of the Mennen lotions—the liquid Skin Bracer or the cream Skin Balm. They're cooling, tingling, refreshing. They banish razor-rawness. And you'll be delighted with their odor.

2—To make your skin LOOK fine, use Mennen Talcum for Men. Does not show. Kills face shine. Makes skin look smoother, younger. The most popular man's powder. (Also—swell after the shower.)

IN LOS ANGELES

The PARK-WILSHIRE

HOTEL APARTMENTS

2424 WILSHIRE BLVD.
AT WESTLAKE PARK

FROM $2.50 PER DAY
FROM $60 PER MONTH

Contract

By George Coffin

BRIDGE columnists take great delight in showing how an unusual stratagem enables a player to coax a vital extra trick or two from apparently nowhere, and thereby pull his sadly endangered chestnuts out of the fire. In order to produce the proper stage effect columnists paint a background of optimistic bidding or heart breaking distribution, or both.

"Partner, if West hadn't held all five trumps . . . . " might have been the common wail of many players at South in the hand below, but Norman Bonney of Boston upheld his reputation for rescuing Bridge chestnuts.

	♠ A 6 ♡ A Q 9 6 2 ♢ 10 3 2 ♣ A 10 3	
♠ Q J 9 5 2 ♡ K J 10 ♢ K Q 5 ♣ Q 5	N W E S	♠ None ♡ 8 7 5 4 3 ♢ 9 8 7 6 ♣ J 9 6 2
	♠ K 10 8 7 4 3 ♡ None ♢ A J 4 ♣ K 8 7 4	

South dealt and bid one spade, North three hearts, South three spades and North four spades, which West doubled. West led the queen of clubs which Mr. Bonney won with the king in his own hand. Playing West for all five spades on account of his double Mr. Bonney led a small spade intending to finesse the sixspot from the dummy; but West would have none of this and put up his nine forcing the ace. Declarer discarded a low club on the ace of hearts and trumped a heart. Reentered dummy with the ace of clubs and trumped another heart, leaving at this point:

	♠ 6 ♡ Q 9 ♢ 10 3 2 ♣ 10	
♠ Q J 5 2 ♡ None ♢ K Q 5 ♣ None	N W E S	♠ None ♡ 8 7 ♢ 9 8 7 ♣ J 9
	♠ K 10 8 ♡ None ♢ A J 4 ♣ 8	

When Mr. Bonney led the eight of spades, West found himself in the clutches of a double endplay. No matter how West tries to wriggle out, Declarer can win four of the last seven tricks.

AND here's another tough double dummy problem by Sidney Lenz. Spades are trump, South leads. North and South to take all eight tricks against any defense.

	♠ None ♡ Q 5 4 3 ♢ A 2 ♣ A 2	
♠ None ♡ J 9 8 7 ♢ K Q ♣ K Q	N W E S	♠ None ♡ 10 6 ♢ J 10 9 ♣ J 10 9
	♠ 5 4 3 2 ♡ None ♢ 4 3 ♣ 4 3	

True Story

THREE good players at a Charity Bridge party were quite upset when their fourth telephoned at the last minute that circumstances made it impossible for her to come. On request, the committee supplied a substitute.

Distrusting the committee's word that the substitute was a good player, one lady at the table said to the stranger, "You play Contract, of course, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," the newcomer replied, "At least I think I do. Isn't that the game in which you deal out all the cards?"

Last Month's Problem

	♠ K 7 ♡ None ♢ Q 6 4 3 ♣ None	
♠ 10 6 ♡ None ♢ 10 7 ♣ Q J	N W E S	♠ J 8 ♡ None ♢ A 5 ♣ 10 4
	♠ 4 ♡ Q 5 ♢ 8 ♣ K 5	

Hearts are trumps. South leads. North and South to win five of the six tricks against any defense.

South leads a trump on which North discards a diamond. If West discards a spade, East should discard a club. South now plays spades, trumping the second round and forcing West to discard a diamond. South cashes his king of clubs and leads a diamond which gives him the extra trick in that suit.

If West discards a club on the first trick, North leads another trump, forcing another club discard from West and a diamond from North and East. North wins his spade trick and leads a diamond to throw East in, and South's club tenace wins the last two tricks.

Sidewalks of New York

A WESTINGHOUSE engineer describes the "biway" moving sidewalk, which may replace subways. It would carry passengers a mile in a little over four minutes. There would be two sidewalks, one beside the other—a local, with a handrail, and a nonstop express, with chairs.

Citizen going crosstown:

"Officer, are you familiar with this Tenth street sidewalk?"

"Yes, sir, I am. I ride this beat every day."

"Well, where is the Perky Hat Shoppe?"

"In that big gray building with the towers—comin' up in a couple of blocks."

"Shucks, I've already ridden past that building once this afternoon. Now I suppose I'll have to give the conductor another nickel."

"Not if you catch a ring, mister."

"Catch a ring?"

"Sure. There's a hook with rings on every corner lamp post. Grab one and you get a free ride."

"Oh, so that's it! Gee, this is fun!"

"Yeah, but I kinda miss the old calliope."

"Officer, I'm meeting my wife for dinner and a show. How late do these sidewalks operate?"

"Most of 'em run regularly up to two a.m. Then they shut down—that is, all but the owl sidewalks."

"I see. Well, this is pretty soft for you cops—riding a beat in a comfortable chair instead of pounding the pavement and getting bunions."

"Oh, we still get the bunions, if you know what I mean. Furthermore, after riding on these things two or three hours, you get sidewalk sick. Every once in awhile, I feel faint and have to take a nip of this remedy. All the boys carry it. Lemon juice and epsom salts."

"Officer, I do believe you're turning green right now!"

"It's—it's nothing. I'll be okay in a minute. We—we just passed one of those armchair beaneries—with a guy in the window cooking flapjacks—"

"I get it. Well, here's my building coming around again. I'm 15 minutes late and the missus is probably boiling. She oughta be waiting right around the corner, on Broadway."

"Did you say on Broadway?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Holy cats, mister! By this time, your wife is up around 125th street, in Harlem."

—ELWOOD ULLMAN.

"WAS he surprised when you said you wanted to marry his daughter?"

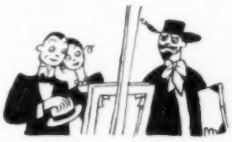
"Was he? The gun nearly fell out of his hand."

—*Rice Owl.*

OH BOY! NOW I'M GETTING SOMEPLACE

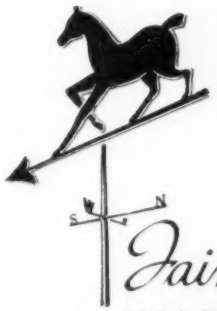
DOLE HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE JUICE

Original Drawings
***from* JUDGE**



CAN be purchased for as little as one or two dollars. By well known artists. Suitable for framing.

Sent C.O.D. to out-of-towners who write us the types preferred and the number of originals wanted.



Fair and
WARMER

You'll find rest and relaxation in the soothing sunshine of Atlantic City these brilliant spring days.

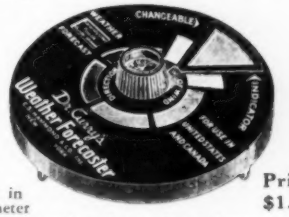
And you'll receive a warm welcome amid the famous hospitality of the Ambassador. Marvelous food. Service that soothes winter-jarred nerves. Sports, games and activities to keep you busy, if you like, from dawn till dark.

Come for a week or a weekend. Economy rates now in effect...either American or European plan.

The **Ambassador**
ATLANTIC CITY
William Hamilton, ***Managing Director***

Shades of Mark Twain! Something's Done About the Weather, At Last!

You can now avoid disappointments due to unexpected weather changes by consulting CURRY'S WEATHER FORECASTER—an instrument to help you plan your outdoor activities so that the weather will never mislead you.



4¼" in diameter

Price $1.00

When there is going to be a change in the weather, the hygrometer on the instrument changes color—blue, purple, maroon, pink or salmon. A turn of the knob, an observation of the wind direction, and the weather you may expect 8 to 15 hours hence is announced in printed words on the dial.

"This unique gadget, of which there are 250,000 in Europe, predicts 12 hours in advance."
—The New York Times.

Intriguing and indispensable to everyone interested in the out-of-doors—sportsman, aviator, yatchsman, tourist, gardener. Anyone can use it.

Order from your dealer or use coupon

C. S. HAMMOND & COMPANY (INC.)
364 Furman Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I enclose $1.00. Send me Curry's Weather Forecaster for ten days' trial. Payment to be refunded if dissatisfied.

Name .....

Address .....

The

New York Home of Prominent Sportsmen

INCREASING preference is shown today for the medium-sized hotel, where guests remain individuals and are treated as valued patrons.

That is why THE WESTBURY is the choice of so many who are prominent in sport and society. They find in its fashionable location, its personal yet unobtrusive service, its tasteful furnishings, its luxurious comfort, an ideal New York home.

THE WESTBURY accepts both transient and permanent guests. Rates are reasonable. Prix fixe meals permit the establishing of a regular budget, while the moderately priced a la carte menu is an added attraction. A delightful cuisine and service.

Now Open

THE POLO BAR

A new and delightful rendezvous. The finest cocktails, expertly mixed, and the choicest of wines and liquors, served at reasonable prices.

HOTEL WESTBURY

15 East 69th STREET

at Madison Avenue, NEW YORK

Conveniently accessible to shops, theatres, business sections, and to sporting centres in Westchester and Long Island.

CHARLES F. A. FREY, *Manager*

High Hat

(Continued from page 17)

there to get a good load of what you look like—so they'll know you next time you meet socially.

The Inspector, we thought, was extremely civil to the boys who had missed their cues and received the gong on the previous night. He called them, "Louie," and "Tony," and "Herman." This while inquiring how come they happened to stab that woman, or rob that grocery store, or give that nice elevator man the pipe long side the head.

He'll want to know where you were born, how long you've been in this country (don't forget your naturalization papers, you Jersey mosquitoes!), where you went to school, what your favorite teacher's name was, and how many Cubs Carl Hubbell fanned in that crucial double-header on Sept. 5th, 1932.

He'll also ask you how many stretches you've done in the sneezer—and don't forget that little teeny-weeny one for vagrancy in Elkhart, Ind., either! Because if you *do*, he'll look in his Doomsday Book and remind you of it, in a kindly, patient tone. Then you'll remember, and your ears will gleam like boiled lobster claws, and many of the uncouth fellows out front will think you forgot on purpose.

First offenders, the Inspector told us, generally say, "Guilty." Regular club members are afflicted with distressing spells of vagueness, loss of memory, and severe attacks of Galloping Denials. Occasional light interludes are furnished by veteran Harlem troupers, whose flights of fancy made Grimm's Fairy Tales sound like a page of specifications from a hardware catalog!

One final word: better leave your new chamois gloves at home—that fingerprint ink is pretty trying to the dry cleaner!

High Hat-Checks

Maisonette Russe, Hotel St. Regis.

If the Russians have a better word for it than this beautiful rendezvous (Good evening, Vladimir!) Junior will walk up all their steppes in his stocking feet to see it! For brilliance of decor (Ah there, Katrina!) and perfection of service, the Maisonette Russe is—to date—topsky.

Moreover, you emigres from Westchester and Jersey can go informal in the Maisonette—by special dispensation of Commissar Moley. But you may wish you had at least shifted into a boiled collar, for the Maisonette is almost formally informal, if you gather what we mean.

There are at least two trained Tartars in splendid red and blue uniforms to serve each guest, and they are just as deft as they are large. The cuisine (Ca va, Ivan?) is distinguished by an

Explaining the Popularity of

FURNESS

cruises to the

"Little" **WEST INDIES**

and SOUTH AMERICA

The **SHIP**

The popular "NERISSA," a West Indies favorite. True Furness service and cuisine.

The **PORTS**

FIFTEEN different enchanting islands off the beaten path—St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Martin, St. Kitts, Antigua, Montserrat, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados, Trinidad, Demarara S.A., Grenada, St. Vincent.

The **PRICE** **$160 up**

for 21-25 DAYS or a little less than $8 per day! Cruise Directors—deck sports, tournaments, outdoor swimming pools, dances.

Frequent Sailings from New York

Apply to your **TRAVEL AGENT** *or Furness West Indies Line, 34 Whitehall St., 634 Fifth Ave., New York*

Next Month

"Take a Walk"

To the nearest Newsstand for your copy of

The Convention Number of Judge

Imperial perfection, but for us the lamb Shashlik Caucasien was the 4-star special. It is brought in, still burning on a swordblade, by an ex-Guards' General, at the very least.

Codoloban and his Russian Gypsy Orchestra play hot and sweet for the Americanoes who like their hoofing vertical, instead of squatting and kicking, and there are entertainers with fine, trained voices. Madame Tokoroff is a gracious hostess, and will make you feel at home.

Wivel Restaurant, 254 W. 54th St.

The Wivel has, almost singlehanded, converted countless Americanoes to Swedish hors d'oeuvres. Converted them, moreover, without having had to resort to those old continental inquisitions, the cover charge and the minimum check. The Wivel has neither, thanks to the genius of Mr. Zussman—and is doing very nicely, thank you.

It's a hearty, lusty, noisy place, and everybody seems to be having a fine, noisy time. A constant stream of entertainers spells the good dance band and pervades the Wivel with the spirit of its counterpart in Copenhagen. Our favorite is Mr. Ebbe Gyldenkrone (careful there, printer!). He meets you. He greets you. He seats you. Then you'll see him out on the floor, wowing the guests with a pretty good baritone. Next he'll be uncorking some very special vintage, and then—don't turn your head or you'll miss him—he appears as a concertina maestro. We asked him if he made all the smorgasbord in his off moments, and he said, "What off moments?"

The Wivel is plenty of fun. If you've got a drop of fine old Scand in those ageing veins of yours, pard, carry it over and dilute it with a beaker of "Snaps." Go anyway.

Billy the Oysterman, 7 E. 20th St.

For nearly twenty-five years, the best of all the good little oysters have hoped, some bright day, to pass the stiff entrance exams to Billy's. For Billy's is the symbol of the best in sea food to knowing and particular New Yorkers.

Billy himself is one of the reasons. He is one of the few gentlemen who have never, with success, outgrown the duties of mine host. Billy is here, there, and everywhere—he looks out for old friends and new. It warms the old place like the great open range at the far end, whereon sizzle the melting filet and the succulent lobster.

Famous feeders congregate at Billy's. When we were there, a serious little group had come from afar for "Herring Marinierte" and bock beer. We asked Billy who was the greatest oyster-eater he'd ever seen. "Man from Philadelphia," he said. "Came over and challenged anybody in New York to eat

(Next page, please)

$150,000 IN CASH AND TRAVEL PRIZES TO BE AWARDED IN THE GRAND INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL CONTEST

Here's the opportunity of a lifetime to win cash—a trip around the world—to actually enjoy luxury!

EVERY PURCHASER OF "TRIPS" MAY ENTER!

Each purchaser of the luxury travel magazine "TRIPS"—now selling for $1—is entitled to enter without further cost.

FIRST PRIZE:

$37,500.00 IN CASH

AND A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD FOR TWO ADULTS!

SECOND PRIZE: Ten months' all-expense deluxe tour of Europe for 2 adults, AND $1,000 IN CASH!

THIRD PRIZE: Five months' all-expense grand tour of Europe for 2 adults, AND $500 IN CASH!

THOUSANDS OF OTHER PRIZES: 25,102 PRIZES IN ALL!

Every entrant in this contest has an equal chance to participate in the 25,102 awards!

IT'S A SIMPLE, EASY CONTEST

To enter, fill in the coupon below, attach $1, and mail to us, upon receipt of which we will send you your copy of "TRIPS" magazine, enclosing an official numbered TICKET, Receipt, and official ENTRY BLANK on which are reproductions of five prominent illustrations from the magazine "TRIPS." All you have to do is to select or suggest a title for each illustration. Detailed instructions are on the Official ENTRY BLANK. After you have filled in the ENTRY BLANK, MAIL TO US IMMEDIATELY. Prizes will be awarded to the contestants who select or suggest the five best titles to the five illustrations. This is a contest of skill only. The decisions will be made by a board of competent judges, whose decision will be final and binding. The contest closes on June 29, 1936. In the event of ties, the tying contestants will be required to submit a letter of not more than 200 words, giving the reasons for their selections. The prizes will then be awarded to the writer of the letter or letters regarded as best in the judges' opinion.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

TRAVEL CONTEST CORP.
2 West 46th Street, New York, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN: _____ 1936

Enclosed is $1 (cash—money order—check) for which please send me without further obligation a copy of the SPECIAL 1936 EDITION OF "TRIPS" MAGAZINE (now selling for $1). It is also understood that I am to receive an Official Numbered Ticket, Receipt and Entry Blank for the GRAND INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL CONTEST. (54)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

WE BID FOUR CLUBS

Look them over for yourself—The Cavalier Beach Club, The Cavalier Country Club, The Cavalier Hunt Club, The Princess Anne Golf and Country Club—all at The Cavalier Hotel. If you're planning a vacation, why not come here? Health, happiness, restfulness, all sports, await you on the ocean shore and in our pine forest. In New York phone Murray Hill 2-2907 for information and reservations.

The Cavalier
Hotel and Beach Club
Virginia Beach
Sidney Banks
MANAGING DIRECTOR

★

Guest Appeal

AT THE
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Visitors to Philadelphia make a habit of coming back to the Benjamin Franklin time after time. It's because they appreciate the little extra courtesies that make their stay such a pleasant event. 1200 large outside rooms, all with bath, from $3.50 a day.

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

SAMUEL EARLEY, *Managing Director*

Philadelphia

High Hat

(Continued from page 27)

against him for a side bet. He hung around for a week, and got quite a bit of publicity—but no matches.

"The last night he wanted to bet me fifty dollars he could eat a hundred oysters, but something held me back. He ate 107, and offered to bet he could handle another 100! Then he went back to Philadelphia, with no high opinion of New York oyster-eaters."

It is our private opinion that the Great Unknown had all the odds in his favor. Eating oysters, or anything in Billy's, conspires to make great trenchermen out of almost any run-of-the-mill crackers-and-milk feeders!

Hihattractions

EGG rolls at Lee's Restaurant, 36 Pell Street, Chinatown . . . Emmett Crutchfield's piano recital and Big John's beaten biscuits and quail at the King's Tree Hotel, King's Tree, S.C. . . . Katharine Cornell in St. Joan . . . The new one-hundred-and-ten ton Wrigley sign on Times Square . . . Murder in the Old Red Barn at the American Music Hall on E. 55th St. . . . "Sully's Show Boat," 91 Seventh Ave., with 1910 movies, singing waiters, and fair prices . . . and here, my fellows, is as ample a final paragraph as you're likely to meet in a letter—*ever*. Kenneth Collins, the Tony Eden of the retail store field, sent it along, and it was penned by no less a penman than the Rev. M. J. Divine, who runs God a dead heat north of 125th St. Brace yourselves:

> "Wishing you these Blessings, that as I AM, so might you be, this leaves ME Well, Healthy, Joyful, Peaceful, Lively, Loving, Successful, Prosperous and Happy in Spirit, Body and Mind and in every organ, muscle, sinew, vein and bone and even in every atom, fibre and cell of MY Bodily Form.
>
> Respectfully & Sincere, I am
> REV. M. J. DIVINE."

Best Steppers

LOVE Is a Dancing Thing & Got a Bran' New Suit—Henry Hall orchestra—Columbia.

"I'se a-Muggin' (Part 1 & Part 2)—Paul Whiteman and his orchestra—Victor.

No Greater Love & Lost—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians—Victor.

Flight of a Hay-Bag & Announcers' Blues—Frankie Trumbauer and his orchestra—Brunswick.

Moonrise on the Lowlands & Welcome Stranger—Ruby Newman and his orchestra—Brunswick.

Desire & Gloomy Sunday—Hal Kemp and his orchestra—Brunswick.

—JUDGE JR.

GOOD FOOD *and* GOOD CHEER
in TAVERN ATMOSPHERE

An eating place for those who know good food. A meeting place for bon vivants who know what's best in wines and liquors. Come here and join New York's most noted citizens in celebrating the return of good living!

Keen's
Old English
Chop House
36th NEAR 6th
NEW YORK CITY

This Summer Travel on a Budget!

WHETHER you are planning a tour of the Old World or just another trip to good old Lake Minnetinketinny, the surest way to get there and back is on a budget. And the pleasantest way is to take along a copy of Judge's 6th Crossword Puzzle Book.

THIS amazing book of lively quips and sparkling humor contains forty brain-teasing humorous crossword puzzles by America's most talented puzzle makers. And it's only $1.50 a copy. You won't even need a halter on the old budget at that price!

JUDGE
18 East 48th St., New York, N.Y.

Please send me _____ copies of Judge's 6th Crossword Puzzle Book at $1.50 a copy for which I enclose $

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Copies of Judge's 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th Crossword Puzzle Books are still available at $1.50 each.

Fire! Fire!

(Continued from page 2)

caught fire one night. The roof burned right out fast, but the walls wouldn't catch—soaked in brine, I suppose. It had been coming off cloudy all day and the wind was in the north-east. All of a sudden it began to rain—a regular goose-drownder. Everybody, even the firemen, went over to the Eastern Steamship wharf, where you could get under cover, and pretty soon the fire just fizzled out. The fire boys hadn't even run the hose out but they got their dollar apiece just the same. They got paid in our town even for Acts of God.

As I said before, you got something for your taxes in those days. Out of the night Charlie Shelton's hay barn burned down I bet we Back Harbor people got more good, clean, enjoyment than they got from the whole Chicago fire. And at next town meeting, when they voted $75 to replace the hose the fire horses trampled on, Ed Wilson, the Town Moderator, voiced the sentiments of the tax-payers when he said it was well worth it.

Books

(Continued from page 1)

Utopia. Bitterly he slams Russia for failing to bring around millenium in 18 years which makes you wonder why not try to save Capitalism for Hearst; or at least come around to our attitude which is, not to do away with Capitalism but to do away with work.

QUICKIES:—There's a realistic harrower out called "Hell Beyond the Seas" by an ex-French-Guiana Devil's Island convict. Gosh, after we fix up the world's economic problems, we'll have to do something about *that*. For laughs, we give you Morgan J. Dorman's "Age Before Booty" or many serious reasons why there should be the Townsend Plan. Bourman & Lyman's "Tragedy of Nijinski" and Elswyth Thane's "Young Mr. Disraeli" are each sympathetic, capital, highly recommended biogs of the early speed gathering of a couple of important fellows. Lewis & Smith's "Oscar Wilde Discovers America" is candid camera on the Wilde Wilde days and valuable as an amusing curio worth paging thru on guest room bedtables. "Harvard College in the 17th Century" by Samuel Morrison is pretty lively history but doesn't add any light on the problem of why Harvard can't win football games any more. Norman Beasley's "Frank Knox" is a campaign biog, selling at a buck a throw. Fancy paying a buck to read about a successor to Herbert Hoover!

—TED SHANE.

FOOD for a sea-going appetite

on the

MODERN ONE-CLASS FLEET

One look at this menu will tell you why Arnold Bernstein—Red Star dining salons are so popular. One trip will convince you why unrestricted privileges... harmoniously appointed public and private accommodations...deck space galore...attentive service ...have made ONE CLASS RUN OF THE SHIP the travel preference of those who know value. Next trip be modern—sail ONE CLASS RUN OF THE SHIP. *Write for booklet J.*

DINNER MENU

Lobster Mayonnaise, Helgoland Style
Green Olives
Ox-Tail Soup
Consomme double with Marrow
Fillet of Sole a la Colbert
Glazed Calf's-Sweetbreads, Clamart
Californian Asparagus en Branch, melted Butter—Westphalian Ham
Vermont Turkey
Corn Fritters
Cranberry Sauce
Lettuce Salad Plaza Dressing
Peach Melba
Queen Pudding, Cherry Sauce
Assorted Cheese
Mocca
Tea

SAILING DATES

ARNOLD BERNSTEIN LINE	RED STAR LINE
May 9 and 23	May 16 and 30
June 6* and 20*	June 13* and 27*
*(Summer Rates)	*(Summer Rates)

(Arnold Bernstein Line sails direct to Antwerp, Red Star to Southampton and Antwerp—the Heart of Continental Europe.)

TO EUROPE—ROUND TRIP
$167 to $226
TOURIST CLASS IS TOP
Bring Your Car—From $135 Round Trip

Unposed "Candid Camera" photographs taken in mid-ocean

S. S. PENNLAND
WESTERNLAND
GEROLSTEIN
ILSENSTEIN
KONIGSTEIN

SEE YOUR LOCAL STEAMSHIP AGENT OR

ARNOLD BERNSTEIN ★ RED STAR LINE

THE MODERN ONE-CLASS FLEET • 17 BATTERY PLACE, N. Y. C.

BISMARCK HOTEL
RANDOLPH AT LA SALLE — CHICAGO

WASHINGTON D.C.

$2.50 UP

"Economize Without Sacrificing Comfort." 400 Outside Rooms, 400 Baths. Near shops, theatres and Government Buildings. Centrally located on H St. 11th to 12th N.W. Write for free Pictorial Guide Map of the Nation's Capital.
H. H. Cummings, Mgr.

Hotel **ANNAPOLIS**

JUDGE PAYS $10

For each Crossword Puzzle accepted from its readers.

Unsightly DANDRUFF

Stop Experimenting—Use Glover's!

Glover's is famous for removing Dandruff, relieving Itching Scalp and checking excessive Falling Hair! Start today with Glover's Mange Medicine and follow with Glover's Medicated Soap for the shampoo. Sold at all Druggists. Or have your Barber give you Glover's Treatment. For FREE BOOKLET on proper Care of the Hair and Scalp, write Glover's, 462 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

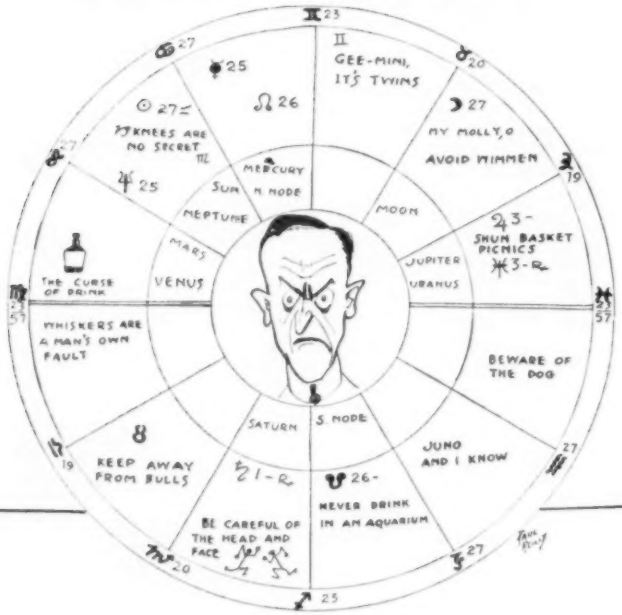
SPRING FEVERS *Cured*

If your feet are
Restless, and you want
To be up and doing
But you don't know
Just what—here's
The thing for you:
Come for a whirl of
Dinner-dancing in our new
TERRACE RESTAURANT.
Here our renowned chefs
And BOB CROSBY music
Conspire to bring
Peace to your soul
And pace to your feet.
VIRGINIA VERRILL sings.

Dinners from $1.75
Cover charge (after 10)
50¢, on Saturdays $1

HOTEL NEW YORKER
34th at 8th Ave., Ralph Hitz, Pres.
2500 ROOMS FROM $3 A DAY

Were You Born Under the Sign of the Crab?



IT IS a well known fact among astrologers that the most unhappy sign of the zodiac is the Crab. Don't lose a minute—check up on this Horrorscope to find out if you, too, are afflicted with the ancient curse of the cross crustacean.

Do you think the world is going to the dogs?
Do you bark at your wife in the morning? Evening?
Do you throw books at your help? Saturdays, too?
Do you get mad in traffic?
Do you mistreat caddies when it's all your fault?
Do your neighbors speak to you?
Do you snarl at little children?
Snap at stray dogs?
Do you hiss the younger generation?
Swear at the heat?
The humidity?
The rain?

Would you like to get out from under this sign, and have some fun every month?

If you would, just fill in the coupon and send it to us immediately. It is written in the Crab's Horrorscope that this monthly antidote will knock your grouch for a loop.

JUDGE, (M5)
18 East 48th Street
New York, N.Y.
A whole year of laughs for..... $1.50

Enclosed find $1.50
Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State.....

Divorce Moderne

THE marrying of our not too blushing younsters nowadays is accompanied by so much publicity, direct-by-mail campaigns for wedding gifts, church fashion parades, ceremonies and rehearsals, the time ought to be ripe to institute appropriate ceremonies with reverse English for those whose marriages are being dissolved.

Social columnists could do wonders with such material as Mrs. Ima De Ceiver is returning from Reno with the purpose of becoming divorced from the well known clubbed man, Mr. Willie De Ceiver.

Think of the showers which could be had for her—showers of gossip and advice—and the stag parties for the fortunate man by his envious ushers. The invitation itself:

Mr. & Mrs. Willie De Ceiver
request your presence
at the
DISSOLUTION OF THEIR MARRIAGE
on the evening of February 10
at St. Switheren's Church
eight-thirty P. M.

The great day arrives, so the wife, gaily attired and attended by her Divorceé of Honor (?), and a half-dozen grass or hay widows eagerly quickstep down the aisle to the husband attended by the Best Man (the named correspondent) to the rollicking organ accompaniment "Good Bye Forever."

Imagine the wife ranging alongside her mate, and after an exchange of dirty looks the minister reads the wedding ceremony backwards to undo his work of many months before.

And then the wife jerks the ring off her finger and flips it to the organist who buys old gold (highest cash prices in the city).

Cancelling the marriage kiss could easily be accomplished by a simultaneous slap in the puss by each party, and with that out of the way the Best Man could head toward the nearest bar with the new divorceé—while the poor husband would sadly wend his lonely way to the top address in his little red book.

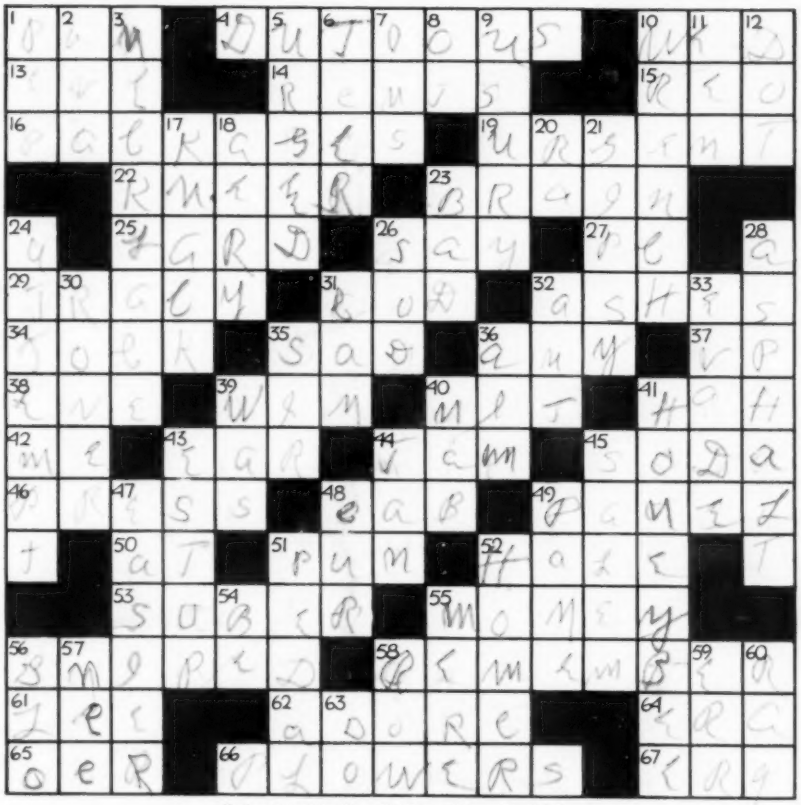
—E. H. BARLING.

Do You Know New York?

(Answers to Questions on Page 8)

1. Minsky's burlesque.
2. Stock Exchange.
3. Rotogravure section of the *Times*.
4. Tammany Hall.
5. Macy's shoe department.
6. Bureau of Criminal Investigation.
7. Ten cents.
8. Walter Winchell's column.
9. City Hall.
10. Tax collector's office.

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 356



Submitted by Don Walton, Detroit, Mich.

Horizontal

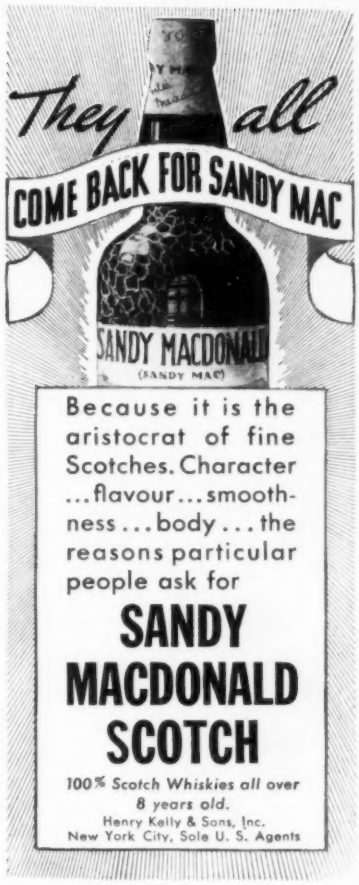
1. The first thing a baby feels.
4. What the cat that died was.
10. Pastorized.
13. The dame responsible for it all.
14. Landlords delights.
15. Name of a well-known gas buggy.
16. These are fit to be tied.
19. If you gotta go, you gotta go!
22. Crap shooter's stance.
23. Idea factory.
25. This little pig went to market.
26. Utter.
27. A small percentage.
29. Last name of a wisecracking cinema star.
31. The fish with the bon vivant.
32. The light that failed. (pl.).
34. What the pendulum says on the return trip.
35. Down in the mouth.
36. No particular amount.
37. The forgotten man—in any office.
38. The night before.
39. To bring home the bacon and the stakes.
40. Cootie egg.
41. Quoth the villain.
42. Myself.
43. One tube receiving set.
44. Scotch noodle protector.
45. Druggists' cocktail.
46. Iron out.
48. One man tank.
49. Something to a door.
50. By.
51. Lowest form of wit.
52. Fit as a fiddle.
53. Drought victim.
55. Yens, rubles, piastres, or what have you.
56. Picked off.
58. Forget-me-not.
61. First name of the star in 29 across.
62. Worship.
64. Age.
65. How poets get over.
66. Rural divot diggers.
67. Unit of work.

Vertical

1. Vitality.
2. Girl's name.
3. This is always hanging around the women.
5. Egged.
6. A winder-upper.
7. Office holders.
8. Upside down to.
9. To take too much interest in.
10. What mechanics monkey with.
11. Even (poetic).
12. Very small spot.
17. Hang.
18. Lofty (variant spelling).
20. Our old Egyptian friend again.
21. Tearoom proprietor.
23. Not so good.
24. The old college try.
26. This covers all of us sooner or later.
28. Boulevard icing.
30. All-American dog handle.
31. Is able.
32. Famous picnicker.
33. Duck.
35. Title of respect.
36. Draw a bead.
39. Formerly.
40. Catch.
41. This fellow hums at his work.
43. Bar by one's own act.
44. A summer coat.
45. Capital of Oregon.
47. Smoother sailing.
48. Common canine.
49. You'll see through this all right.
51. This is always under foot.
52. A grandstand play.
54. Exist.
55. Nothing more.
56. A lackadaisical berry.
57. Born that way.
58. A miniature riot.
59. Follow a bum steer.
60. Tatter.
63. Perform.

Solution of Puzzle No. 354

C	O	U	R	T	■	D	I	S	A	P	P	E	A	R
A	■	P	E	A	L	■	S	O	R	R	E	L	■	E
N	D	■	S	K	I	■	P	R	E	E	N	■	V	S
D	E	M	■	E	M	P	■	T	A	V	■	V	I	I
I	C	E	C	R	E	A	M	■	S	I	M	I	A	N
D	O	T	E	S	■	T	O	O	■	O	R	A	L	■
A	D	A	M	■	T	E	T	A	N	U	S	■	■	P
T	E	L	■	I	G	N	I	T	E	S	■	K	J	R
E	■	■	A	N	A	T	O	M	Y	■	R	O	U	E
■	H	A	L	F	■	S	N	E	■	H	E	R	D	S
S	U	P	E	R	B	■	S	A	B	O	T	A	G	E
L	E	T	■	I	A	N	■	L	A	C	■	N	E	N
O	S	■	U	N	T	I	E	■	I	K	E	■	S	T
O	■	E	I	G	H	T	H	■	L	E	V	Y	■	E
P	R	O	F	E	S	S	E	S	■	Y	I	E	L	D



SPECIAL BRIDGE BOOKS

Complete Bridge Library worth $5.00 for $3.85!

GEORGE COFFIN'S new 1936 SELF-TEACHER on all the new bids and rules is just the thing to brush up your game. Based on Culbertson System and "Four Aces" System. 50c or 3 copies for $1.25 postpaid.

VANITY FAIR'S BRIDGE PROBLEMS by R. F. Foster. World's best 100 double dummy problems, keyed for quick references with solutions. This beautiful 200-page book printed in red and black is just the thing for a gift or prize. Was $2.00. Now $1.00 postpaid.

ENDPLAYS on Squeezes, Eliminations, and Coups is the master work that reveals the innermost secrets of master play. "I've learned how to play Bridge from this book," Sydney Rusinow, *National Champion*. Just the thing to make you a fine player. $1.25 postpaid.

TRIANGLE CONTRACT gives official rules of, and tells how to win at three-handed Bridge, which is now becoming popular. $1.00 postpaid.

CONTRACT BRIDGE, Bidding and Play, by Joseph McKosker, *National Olympic Champion*, gives details of new McKosker System. $1.25 postpaid.

SPECIAL OFFER: All 5 books worth $5.00 for $3.85 postpaid! MAIL your check or money order NOW to author and publisher.

GEORGE S. COFFIN

165 Brighton Street Belmont, Mass.

NO PICTURE!

Impossible to print a picture that would make its point and still stay within the bounds of good taste

WE'D LIKE to take some person who had just taken a harsh, over-acting cathartic . . . and turn on the X-ray camera. We'd like to *show* you just what happens within you when you take so drastic a purge.

If you could see a picture like that, you wouldn't be likely to take such medicine again. You'd be super-careful to take only a laxative that is *correctly timed*. A laxative like Ex-Lax.

WHY HARSH CATHARTICS ARE BAD FOR YOU

When you take a cathartic that over-acts, it throws your entire system out of rhythm. It hurries unassimilated food through your body, causing violent muscular action in your alimentary tract. You have pains and griping. You feel weak afterwards . . . all worn out!

Authorities agree that strong purgatives and cathartics should *never* be taken except upon the advice of a physician.

WHY CORRECT TIMING IS VITAL

Now, what happens when you take a *correctly timed* laxative like Ex-Lax?

Well, except for the relief you get, you hardly know you've even had a laxative. You take a little Ex-Lax tablet, preferably at night. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. It works easily and gently, taking 6 to 8 hours to be effective! No stomach pains! No distress or nausea! No unpleasant after-taste.

30 YEARS' PROOF

For over 30 years, Ex-Lax has been the approved family laxative. *More people use it than any other laxative in the world.* You can count on it for mildness, effectiveness and correct timing. A box costs only 10c at any drug store. Or 25c for the economical, family size.

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 J-56
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

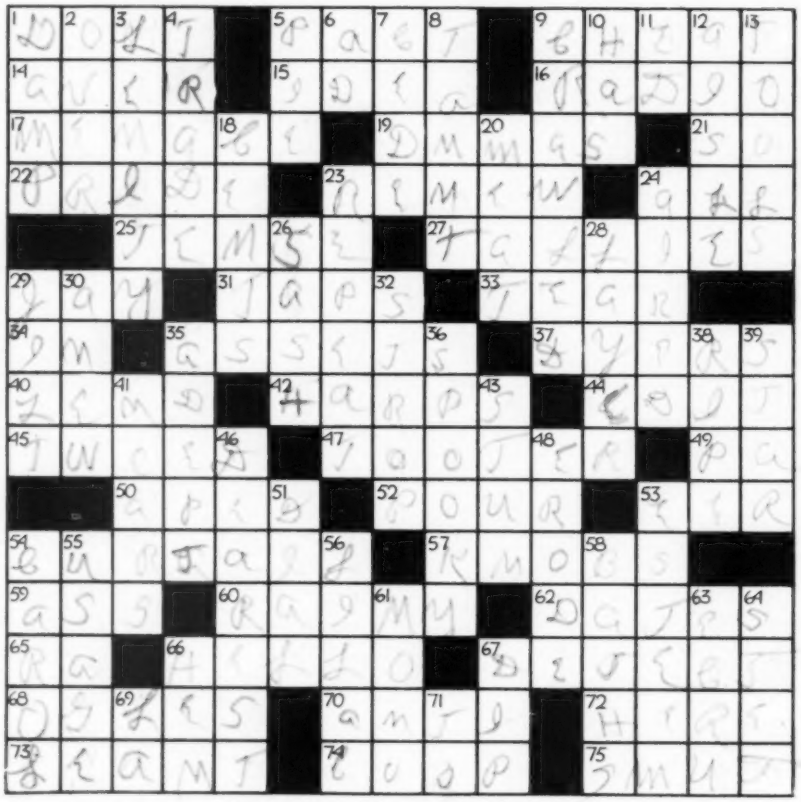
Name.....

Address.....

City.....Age.....

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 357



Submitted by Jack Luzzatto, New York, N. Y.

Horizontal

1. Dumbbell.
5. A scrap of paper.
9. Two time.
14. Declare.
15. Noggin's blessed event.
16. You can tell by the squawking that this is still in its infancy.
17. Public Enemy No. 1.
19. The father of the Three Musketeers.
21. Well, go on.
22. Proper self-esteem.
23. What to do when your subscription to Judge runs out. (adv.).
24. The whole works.
25. The European situation.
27. Counts.
29. A famous walker.
31. Lights out.
33. The world's greatest water power.
34. Where collectors like to find their quarry.
35. Valuable properties.
37. Most blondes.
40. To kiss goodbye.
42. Nags.
44. Blue pencil.
45. A pair of pants with a British accent.
47. The fellow who blows his own horn.
49. Old-slippers-by-the-fireside.
50. Mimicked.
52. Rain heavily, as in Ethiopia.
53. Ever, as the poets had it.
54. Cut short.
57. These cause all the trouble on the radio.
59. A much maligned beast.
60. Stormy weather.
62. Debutante desserts.
65. Out of Egypt into the land of the puzzle.
66. Excuse it, please!
67. Discover, in a Sherlockian manner.
68. Eyes juicily.
70. This guy's agin it.
72. At this place.
73. A lean-to that's not quite finished. (sorry!).
74. Apartments for Rhode Island Reds.
75. Tabloid news.

Vertical

1. What those who don't save up for a rainy day get.
2. Sunny side down.
3. The milk of human kindness.
4. Swap.
5. New England breakfast food.
6. Page 33 of this issue. (abbr.).
7. Give up, if you can't get this.
8. Make but a mock of.
9. Wormed.
10. Get.
11. H.R.H. Edward VIII.
12. Path tread by churchgoers.
13. Plumber's helpers.
18. About the only ones that can make a dollar.
20. Mary had a little lamb.
23. Heh?
24. Ventilated.
26. A curtain for bay windows.
28. A cake that started at the bottom.
29. Call the wedding off.
30. All over again.
32. A woodshed persuader.
35. Quite expert.
36. Spirited.
38. Throwing tomato.
39. A heavenly body.
41. Approaches.
43. Knock for a loop.
46. The Sultan's favorite.
48. Wear away.
51. A face that could stop a clock.
53. Regard highly, like onions in hamburger.
54. Sing cheerfully, regardless of consequences.
55. Time-honored (or worn) custom.
56. Spring flower.
58. You can make a clean-up in these.
61. "A thousand times no!"
63. Unbleached material, if you're interested.
64. Whatever you do don't change this.
66. Egg plant.
67. Pickpocket.
69. Note of the scale.
71. Toward.

Solution of Puzzle No. 355

M	I	C	E		V	O	C	A	B	U	L	A	R	Y
A	D	O		S	A	Y		D	E	P	O	T		E
R	A		I	O	U				R	O	T		C	A
R		W	O	U	L	D		H	E	N		J	A	R
I	R	O	N		T	R	E	A	T		B	A	W	L
A	I	R				E	L	M		C	O	G		Y
G	A	T	E		B	A	A		P	U	N			
E		H	A	R	U	M	S	C	A	R	U	M		S
			G	Y	M		T	O	N		S	A	G	A
L		A	L	E		S	I	R				Y	O	U
A	C	R	E		T	A	C	K	S		S	Q	B	S
D	O	T		S	O	W		S	O	B	E	R		A
I	O		C	O	P				L	I	T		N	G
E		P	A	R	I	S		S	O	D		B	Y	E
S	C	A	R	E	C	R	O	W	S		B	E	E	S

$1.00 a month is all you need to pay for life insurance under this remarkable POSTAL POLICY

Only Postal can give you a life insurance value like this, for Postal sells direct by mail and has no agents—you save on agents' commissions.

Postal Life Insurance Company has designed this special Dollar-A-Month policy. It costs only $1.00 a month, no matter what your age may be, from 21 to 45. The amount of insurance that this dollar a month will buy, however, varies with the age. For example: —at age 25, $1085; at age 30, $948; at age 35, $813. To find out what it will buy at your age, see the table below.

ONLY $1 A MONTH

One dollar a month is all you pay for the next five years, enabling you to give your family the utmost protection at an extremely low rate while conditions are improving. From the sixth year on this policy costs you only the low rate permanent premium of $2.00 a month. This premium may be still further reduced by the dividends Postal pays you as earned and declared by the Company.

Thus from the beginning you receive Old Line **LEGAL RESERVE** Insurance with cash values and standard policy provisions at a low price you can afford.

DESIGNED FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NEED OF INSURANCE BUT WHO THINK THEY CAN'T AFFORD ANY

A SAFE, SOUND COMPANY

For the past 30 years Postal Life Insurance Company has been providing insurance direct-by-mail to thousands upon thousands of thrifty people in every State in the Union, and has paid out more than **$43,000,000.00** to its policy holders and their beneficiaries during 30 successful years.

POSTAL LIFE DOES BUSINESS UNDER THE RIGID NEW YORK STATE INSURANCE LAWS AND IS SUBJECT TO THE UNITED STATES POSTAL AUTHORITIES.

MAIL COUPON—WE HAVE NO AGENTS

It's easy to buy this Dollar Policy by mail from Postal. Just fill in the coupon below and send it with your first month's premium to the Postal Life Insurance Company. That's all you do. For $2.00 a month, you can buy twice as much, $3.00 will buy three times as much, etc. You get your money back if your application is not accepted. You take no risk.

Don't turn over this page until you have clipped the coupon below—it may be the most important thing you have ever done. Tomorrow may be too late.

What $1 a Month Buys

Age	Amt.	Age	Amt.
21	$1194	34	$840
22	1167	35	813
23	1140	36	786
24	1112	37	759
25	1085	38	734
26	1057	39	708
27	1030	40	682
28	1003	41	657
29	976	42	632
30	948	43	607
31	921	44	583
32	894	45	559
33	866		

If this policy does not fit your needs Postal issues other standard forms, ages 10 to 60 inclusive.

TEAR OFF—MAIL TODAY

BUY DIRECT and SAVE MONEY

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
R. C.-103, 511 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I wish to apply for a life insurance policy in accordance with your offer.

My exact date and year of birth was .....

My occupation is ..... Nationality .....

I wish to pay a premium of ☐ $1. ☐ $2. ☐ $3. ☐ $..... per month. This entitles me to .....worth of insurance. I enclose the first month's premium which will be returned to me if my application is not accepted.

Name .....

Street and Number .....

City ..... State .....

KABLE BROS. CO., PRINTERS

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS

A RARE PLEASURE. At the left—leisurely diners enjoying the continental *cuisine* at Jacques French Restaurant, a nationally famous *café* in Chicago. Here it is that soft lights and impeccable service give the perfect setting for such dishes as Baked Oysters *à la Jacques* and other specialties of the house. And Camels add the final touch to dining. "Camels are most popular here," Jacques himself (*above*) observes. "They are the favorite with those who know fine living."

MRS. HAL LEE, pictured here in the kitchen, says: "When telephone, doorbell, housework, and planning stretch my nerves taut—it's hard on digestion. I smoke Camels to help keep my digestion in healthful working order."

Smoking Camels a Pleasant Way to Ward Off Effects of Worry and Strain on Digestion. Camels Set You Right!

Modern days are tense and trying. Nerves get "wound up." Hurry, worry, and strain tend to interfere with normal processes of digestion.

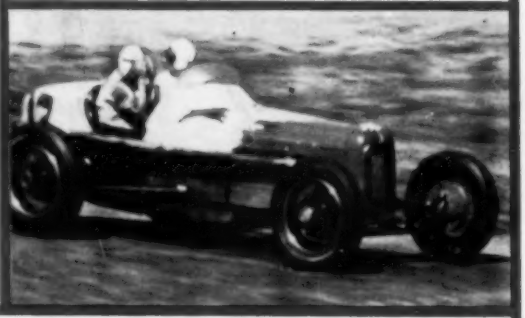
Smoking Camels helps to restore and increase the flow of fluids so necessary to good digestion. You sense a comforting "lift" and feeling of well-being as you enjoy the delicate fragrance of your Camel.

You can smoke Camels steadily. The matchless blend of Camel's costlier tobaccos never gets on your nerves or tires your taste.

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE FLARE of the welding arc climbs to 8700° F.! Dan Rafferty, master welder, says: "Smoking Camels during and after meals helps my digestion."

THE WINNER! Kelly Petillo (*below*) takes the 500-mile Indianapolis classic. Petillo says: "Smoking Camels goes a long way in helping my digestion."



COSTLIER TOBACCOS

• Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand.